The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1617 JAN. 17, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

OLD LONDON TYPES—IN THIS ISSUE

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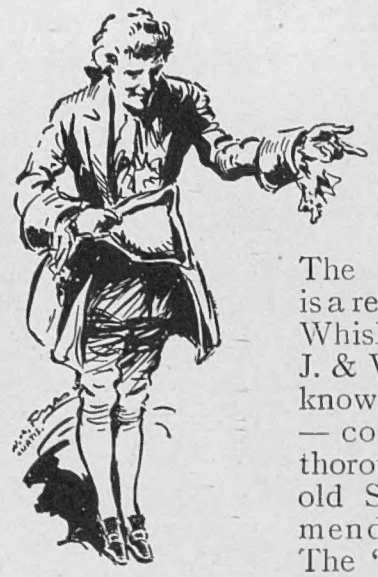

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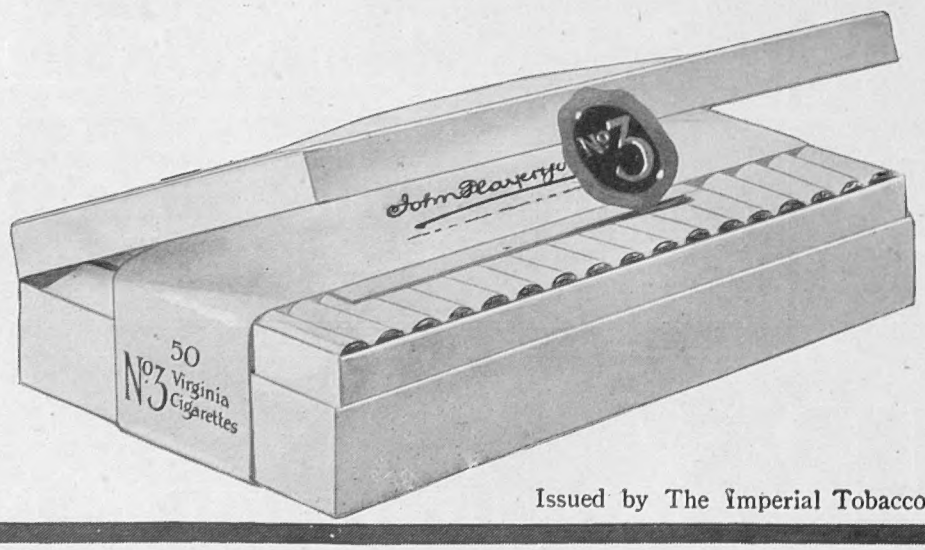

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Volume CXXIV. No. 1617 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland. 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d. } London, January 17, 1931

A MINIATURE ARK in the "ISLE" OF ATHELNEY

The heavy rains during the past few weeks have caused appreciable, but not as yet serious, flooding in the West Country. This has been most severe in the area of Athelney, sacred to the memory of King Alfred. Last year, of course, the inundations in this region were disastrous, and, lest a recurrence of that occasion should eventuate, villagers are already removing their belongings to places of safety, and farmers are transferring their live stock to dry grazing ground. The town of Athelney itself is being safeguarded by the flooding of the environing meadows. Above is seen one poignant incident of the flood—the taking by boat of a family, its pets, and its treasures, over a flooded field. One child carries a black cat, another a tabby, while the youngest guards—or is guarded by—the dog, what time the eldest pushes the boat along.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 14, 1931

Fresh Air.—Last week two prominent Conservatives gave a hint of a renewed spirit of courage and wisdom in the Conservative party. Sir Samuel Hoare, with a combination of frankness and tact, which had a good effect, let a breath of fresh air into the artificial atmosphere of the Indian Conference. No doubt that Conference has made progress, not theoretical but constructive progress, and rightly acknowledges its debt to the adroitness of Lord Reading; but still (as in 1930) the bald facts remain—whatever the intermediate consequences, however sharp the disappointment, the change over to some form of self-government is a process to be slowly evolved, a goal to be striven for, the reward of stern self-discipline, laborious education, humble training, for a period which it is impossible yet to define, though the question of the Indianisation of the Army shows clearly that it is still decades distant. And Colonel Headlam, from the "Wilderness," cried the naked truth concerning Electoral Reform, and his letter formed the subject of an important leader in the *Times*. It intrigued me because in a recent issue of THE SPHERE the kernel of Colonel Headlam's nut was placed in a humble niche in the "Newsletter." I set this fact on record with a humility (which I do not feel). Indeed the political issues of the day are simple and cut and dried to a remarkable degree. I say the *issues*, not the problems.

The Open Secret.—For the fact of the matter is that in exact proportion as the solution of our present day problems grows by compromise and inaction more and more difficult, so do the vital issues clarify and grow more and more plain and simple to the man in the street. We are in the midst of a desperate crisis in our history, therefore we must for a brief space call a truce to party tactics and private interests and face the crisis with a united front. We are on the verge of bankruptcy, therefore we must begin to do what the private citizen does in such sad case and cut down our expenses. The man in the street sees these simple issues clearly. Not so the politician at the top. Not so Mr. MacDonald who has shown of late an incomparable adroitness in registering cheap scores and fostering class hatred. I refer to his undignified quibble in the Bellairs correspondence and his inopportune attack on the owners in the coal crisis. But let us do justice to the admirable way in which he has presided over the Indian Conference.

Colonel Moore Brabazon's Wish.—Colonel Moore Brabazon carried on the good work noted above in a non-political field. He urged that in 1931 we should be spared the opinions (on every subject under the sun) of schoolmasters. He made the obvious point that Prime Ministers and schoolmasters alike come to regard themselves as supermen. Heaven alone knows on what grounds they do so—not certainly on the results of their labours. I hold the view that headmasters and Prime Ministers or party leaders have reached the high water mark of their usefulness after five years in office and thereafter go rapidly down hill. The clearest proof that this view is sound in the case of schoolmasters is that tendency, after a single lustre in office, to begin laying down the law in the popular press on matters of which they often know less than their pupils. That it is true of Prime Ministers, the lamentable histories of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald, afford screaming evidence. The example of worldly wisdom and foresight set them by Cincinnatus cries to deaf ears.

In a Persian Garden.—The Persian Art Exhibition gave to the promoters an opportunity denied to those responsible for its predecessors — scenic effects. Those hundreds of privileged individuals who thronged the private view were as surprised as delighted to find themselves in the limelight (pink for carpets, gold for tapestry, and so on). The opportunity was too good to miss and was in no sense vulgar. These exuberant beauties have lived their lives in colour and warmth, and would lose half their charm in the grey half-tones of London. And the "Persian Garden" effects are also justified to the hilt. I have often seen that prosaic building, Burlington House, bursting with a pride and dignity it was never designed to carry, but never before have I seen it etherealized into an Aladdin's cave. I came away in the same recaptured mood that surrounded me with a golden mist at the end of my first pantomime in 1890. Figuratively I am still sitting cross-legged on the qum carpet drinking sherbert out of a Sasanian bowl of gold filled from a jewelled beaker. But to date, I don't know much more than I did in 1930 about Persian art. I am still dazzled by the limelight and (like the lady whom I overheard remarking in the department of ceramics, "Thirteenth century—and might just have come from Goode's!"), I haven't yet acquired my stock of authorised art-patter to meet the present crisis.

Exchange of Masterpieces.—This Persian Exhibition will raise again the still unsettled question of our obligations to Europe in the matter of the exchange of works of art. Lord Crawford's sound remarks on this subject in the House of Lords did not cover the whole ground. No doubt Holland does not need our Rembrandts and Vermeers, nor Italy our Raphaels. No doubt we shall be prepared to risk our Reynolds and Hoppners and Gainsboroughs and Turners and Cromes. But painting is not the only art to which this splendid effort towards fostering internationally education and taste and fraternity applies. Have we any justification, when the time comes, for withholding from Europe and the Near East those jewels of art in fields in which our nation stands highest? Such treasures, I mean, as were displayed before an apathetic public at the Victoria and Albert last year, representing the art of the Middle Ages in England. I am convinced in my own mind that no excuse could justify us in standing aside or holding up such an admirable effort by meticulous precaution. Italy and Persia have shown the way in which we must walk.

Ruit Exiguus Mus.—For two-and-a-half years the Royal Commission on Transport has been at work. Some of the crumbs which fell from their table during the earlier courses of the banquet have been snatched up and digested and passed into—Law. This is more than most Royal Commissions (the first and last refuge of impotent Governments) can boast of. Now we have before us the outcome of their deliberations over the wine and walnuts, or perhaps chestnuts. It emerges that a return of trade prosperity would have a favourable effect on the railways: that passengers would be more inclined to buy a seat in a train if there were any guarantee that, having paid the money, they would get the seat; that an average speed rate of 25 m.p.h. which satisfied our great-grandfathers (and even terrified them) is powerless to thrill the rising generation; that when Company A runs from London to Birmingham and Company B does the same, cut-throat competition should give way to economic co-operation.

Tram.—The Royal Commission also finds that the tram is a clumsy and sometimes dangerous mode of transport. *Finis coronat opus.* The psychologist has not been called in. There is no suggestion that railway travel would be more popular if the pill-box type of carriage was totally abolished. The public is assumed to be cut out on one uniform pattern, a soulless, nerveless lump of dough, without fear, without imagination. No need to cater for the nervous woman or girl in terror of being locked up alone with a blackguard; no need to legislate for the ever-growing army of mentally sick, who admit the domination of that bogey called claustrophobia, to whom the self-contained carriage is a prison and a bugbear. For a hundred years the railways have treated their public like freight, and the latest Royal Commission has failed to discover this fact among other important findings.

The Critics of Cricket.—After the late debacle in the Australian Tests the cricket wizards who wield the pen were unanimous in one deduction; that the authorities (in the wrong, as usual) must positively seek out new blood and give the young men a chance of experience of overseas Test cricket. Faint yet pursuing, the authorities chose Wyatt, Leyland, Turnbull, Voce and Peebles to go to South Africa. They did not under-rate the excellence of South Africa; on the contrary, too late in the day they tried to stiffen the side with one more superman, but he, unfortunately, was committed elsewhere. No, the authorities were endeavouring to satisfy the experts (of the pen). And now after the second test match we read:—"This should teach our selectors that we cannot afford to treat South Africa as hardly adult in the cricket sense. To send out anything but our best team is to invite defeat. We can extract consolation from the fact that some of our young men are gaining valuable experience." But other expert pen-men deny that there is *any* young blood in the misbegotten ragged regiment now touring South Africa! The way of the Selector is hard. The business should be done by a Royal Commission of Sporting Journalists.

The Shooting Season in Review.—For me the shooting season ends when partridges show clear signs of general mating. After that I do not care to shoot. And, anyway, it is now all over except for loose ends. It was a notable season. For grouse the best since 1922, and good stocks were left on heather immensely recovered from the widespread blight of 1928. But for the slump in British and American millionaires, the Highlands could look forward to another bumper year. For the second year in succession partridges did excellently. In the famous partridge grounds record bags were obtained (such as 710 brace at Six Mile Bottom); but in moderate partridge country such as Wiltshire wonderful bags were also got (e.g. 300 brace at Clarendon). The difficulty with small owners or syndicates of partridge shoots is this: nowadays you can't walk up after mid-September. You can't afford the expense of driving, or your area is too modest or narrow for successful driving. Result, you don't kill enough. Wild pheasants did well again and reared birds pretty well on the whole. There was only one bad period in the breeding season. My experience of an excellent year's sport convinces me of two things: shooting has taken a strong hold of an ever larger section of the community; there is more shooting done than before the War. Gun discipline is shocking. The young men of to-day are totally undrilled, know nothing of the rules of safety, and carry, load, and handle their guns with deplorable ignorance and carelessness. Following round and shooting low into covert are common crimes, and my heart sinks when I find a twenty-year-old in the party of guns.

"Our Esteemed Contemporary." — The mortality among Eton College magazines is so terribly high that birth control has been imposed as the only means of checking a growing evil. But I am glad that someone sent me No. 1 (and last) of *The Street Singer* (published Founder's Day, 1930, 1s. net). It produced in me a shocking sensation. Only the day before yesterday I was talkiug twaddle with two youths as inexperienced as myself. Only yesterday I was playing baby cricket with the cherubic infant of one of these youths. And now there lies before me *The Street Singer*, a well-printed, well-got-up, serious literary review, almost entirely written — polished prose and pointed and epigrammatic verse—by yesterday's cherubic infant and the son of that other youth, my companion of the day before yesterday. It seems that suddenly in the night the sons of Mr. Jasper Ridley and Sir Hugh O'Neill—whom I left asleep in their cots—have come knocking on my door (in Grub Street, the Street of Adventure). I should have expected baby talk in *The Street Singer*. I find the wisdom of the serpent, the cynicism of an ex-Premier in endless opposition, all Beerbohm's hatred of literary imposture (such as I, a journalist, depend on), and an eighteenth-century adroitness in turning a neat epigram in verse. When the talk is of moulding young Etonians into commercial travellers, I read with mingled surprise and delight that her eighteenth-century accomplishments are not entirely despised, e.g.—

"Old Time has perished at the hands
of science,
But, since he wished to carry on
the race,
He made a matrimonial alliance
Before he passed away, and married
Space.
And now, though Father Time himself
is dead,
Their child, the Fourth Dimension,
rules instead."

Copyright Reserved.—The B.B.C. announcer is a functionary as highly trained, a machine as perfectly assembled, as is the ideal butler of a great nobleman. He has a tone of voice to suit every occasion. There is the light tone, the bright tone, the tone hearty and the tone lugubrious, the tone reverend and the tone contemptuous. He is at his best announcing an important death. "His Grace passed away quietly this morning" is the pattern adopted by the B.B.C. announcer making known the death of Joffre or the casualty list in an accident. The tone reverend is employed for religious announcements, the tone bright for B.B.C. journalistic propaganda, the tone light for football results, the tone contemptuous for South American revolutions, and so forth. Has anybody noticed (as I have) the late preponderance of the tone lugubrious? Most days last week the news bulletin was composed as follows: fog 10 per cent., accidents due to weather conditions 15 per cent., casual disasters 15 per cent., strikes 15 per cent., crises expected 10 per cent., deadlocks 15 per cent., notable deaths and funeral arrangements 20 per cent. And it seems only yesterday that the tone bright was employed to wish us all a Merry and Bright New Year. There is really no need nowadays to reserve the copyright. No one would think of infringing it.

THE OLD STAGER.

MUNICIPAL IRONY: Coincidentally with the strong suggestion that the day of the tram is doomed to its night, the new Pullman trams make their appearance in the western and northern suburbs of London. These trams are all steel, have great power of acceleration, and are equipped for the exigencies of rush hour traffic, with entrances and exits at both ends. The trams are double-decked and steam-heated throughout

The SOCIAL WHIRL

People Prominent in the Public Eye

THE MOTHER QUEEN: A striking new study of Queen Helène of Rumania, whose hoped for reconciliation with King Carol II has as yet come to nought, with her son Michael, Prince of Albajulia and ex-King

AGAINST THE WINTER WIND: A bridesmaid helps Miss Mary Grant on with a cloak on the occasion of her marriage to Captain Herbert Pott, R.N., M.V.O.

AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: The bridegroom (left) with his bride, and her father, Mr. E. B. Royden, at the wedding of Captain John Forbes Batten, M.C., and Miss Nancy Royden

A VIOLIN AS A WRITING TABLE: Wolfé Schneiderhau the Hungarian infant prodigy of the violin, who is touring the British Isles

GOING AWAY: Mrs. William White, formerly Miss Evelyn Elliott, gets into the car after her marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, which took place one wintry day last week

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: Miss Evelyn Elliot on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. William White. The bride was followed by a retinue of ten children. Two pages were in long trousers and blouses of parchment velvet; and eight beautiful bridesmaids were in rose du Barri, with pretty capes and muffs

THE NEW BISMARCK: Count Herbord Ivar Ferdinand von Bismarck and his mother, Princess von Bismarck. The count is the great grandson of the Iron Chancellor. Above on right: A PIRANDELLO PRIZE-WINNER: Signorina Marta Alva, a friend of the playwright and an actress in his plays, who has won the Grand Prix in the Milan Lottery

HOME NEWS *told in* PICTURES

ADVERTISING THE ARMY: In connection with the special efforts now being made to stimulate recruiting, the Mayors of Kingston, Wimbledon, and Richmond, and other civic authorities, paid a visit to the depôt of the East Surrey Regiment at Kingston-on-Thames, the chief magistrate of which parish is seen above addressing newly-joined troops

EAST AND WEST IN ONE: One of the delegates to the Round Table Conference, clad in a garb of curiously mixed nationality, after being received to bid farewell to the King

CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE: Mr. C. M. Lowne, Trustee of the Baddeley Fund—the legacy of £100 left by the XVIIIth-century comedian to provide cakes and wine for the artists of Drury Lane Theatre on Twelfth Night—cut the Baddeley cake in the presence of the principals in *The Song of the Drum*. Miss Helen Gilliland and Miss Marie Burke are on Mr. Lowne's immediate left

AT THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) HUNT BALL: A group at the great function held at Bingham Hall, Cirencester, Gloucestershire

SOUTHWARD BOUND: The band of the Cameron Highlanders on a route march at Aldershot, before leaving for the British Empire Exhibition in Buenos Aires, for the opening of which the Prince of Wales sailed to-day (Saturday). The pipers are an invariable, almost an inevitable, draw. When Lord Northcliffe, with the British Military Mission, spoke at Madison Square Garden, New York, the band of pipers, which played old Highland airs while marching through the auditorium, brought the house down

In the centre picture on the right the group consists of Mr. Herbert, Mr. Corbett, Mr. Clay, Miss Carrington, Miss Gresson, Miss Hicks-Beach, and Miss Talbot

AT THE O.U.D.S. BALL AT THE SAVOY: Mr. Bolton and Mrs. Bolton, the organizer of the ball, and Sir Simeon Stuart, one of the founders of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, at the function

Special "Sphere" Pictures

"The Very Embodiment of Rapture": *In this striking phrase Professor Lethaby has described the Censing Angels in the spandrels below the Rose Window in Westminster Abbey. The beautiful head shown here belongs to the angel at the south corner of the transept; it has never before been possible for us to record its subtle characteristics with the detail now rendered possible by the erection of a special flooring at the triforium level, part of a general scheme for the cleansing of the upper part of the Abbey fabric. The lower view shows the whole grouping of the figure in the spandrel—the censer is swinging out towards the other angel in the opposite spandrel. The "censing" recalls the Romanist use of incense, current in English churches in the pre-Reformation days when the Abbey was built. These angels still retain traces of the colour with which they were decorated at the time of their creation by Master John of St. Alban's, Sculptor of the King's Images. The angels, the loveliest things of their kind in England, are akin to similar creations of beauty in Rheims and the famous Angel Choir of Lincoln. The artistic blending of the gaiety divorced from frivolity with the severity removed from sternness is a triumph. The garments are patterned—semée of crosses and stars in the old heraldic phrase. They are receiving, not restoration, but merely a thorough cleaning at the moment*

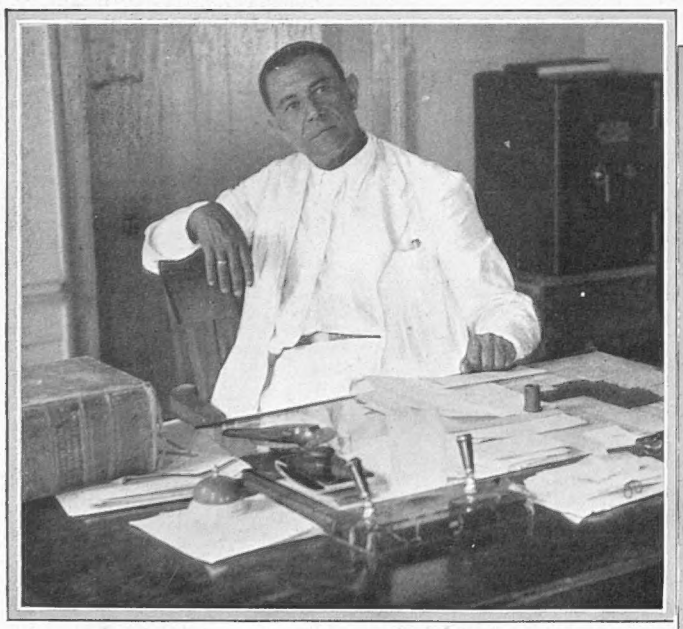
THE ANGELS *of* MASTER JOHN

Special Picture of the Censing Angels in the South Transept of Westminster Abbey

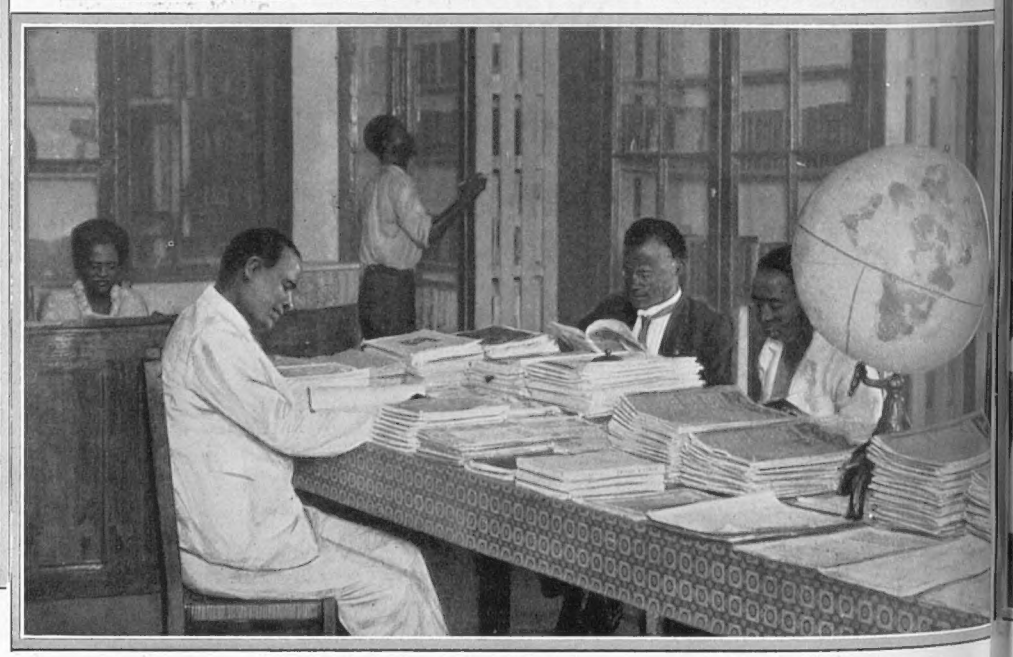
The Perfection of Poise: *One of the Angels below the Rose Window*

LIBERIA—LAND of SLAV

BUILDING THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE: Work in progress in Monrovia. *Above*—is the Minister of Railways, who has a portfolio but no railways. *Inset above on right*—is an impromptu street discussion



THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS: Mr. J. Morris in his office in Monrovia. Many persons in the Government have been implicated in the slavery scandals only recently brought to light



SURFACE ADJUNCTS OF CIVILIZATION: The reading-room in the State Library, Monrovia

LIBERIA	
Founded (by America Colonization Society)	*1820*
Independence Proclaimed	*1847*
Independence Recognized:—	
(a) By Europe	*1848*
(b) By U.S.A. (a little later)	*1862*
Population:—	
(a) Liberians (Americanized Blacks)	*40,000*
(b) Natives (Indigenous)	*1,500,000*
Revenue (1905)	*£47,000*
Expenditure	*£59,760*
Total Debt	*£105,250*

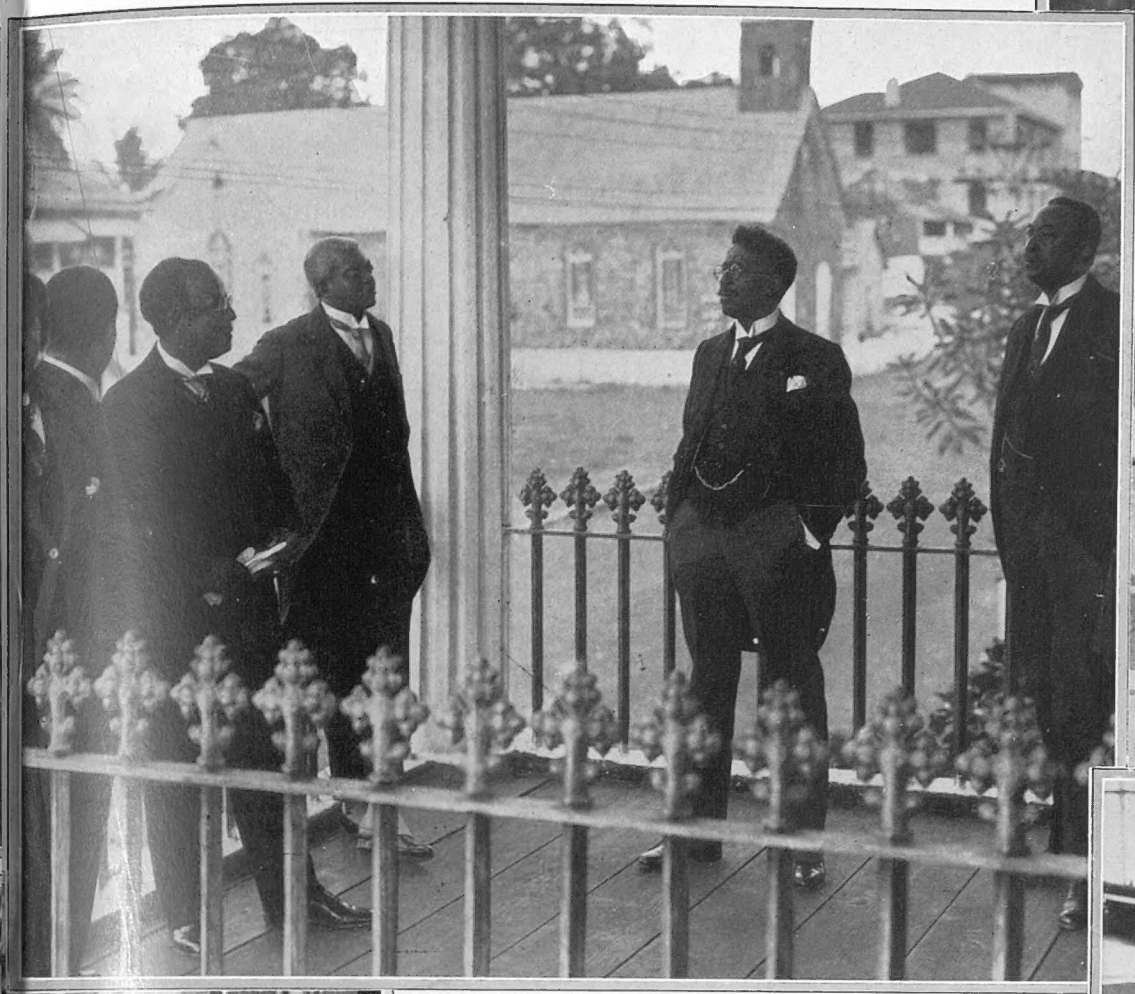
There is much stir about the suggested slavery in the Negro Free State of Liberia, on the West Coast of Africa. The League of Nations is inquiring into the subject, and the report of the committee which has been sifting evidence is to the effect that American and Liberian planters have forced labour on the natives and have "submitted them to abusive treatment." At the same time the United States Secretary of State has sent a Note to the Liberian Government threatening a breach of diplomatic relations unless slavery is abolished in the Republic, and declaring that international opinion would no longer tolerate "those twin scourges: slavery and forced labour."

The report of the Commission will no doubt come as a great blow to those humanitarian people who have put faith in the possibilities of the "freed" negroes, and at the same time it will force the application of drastic measures by the League of Nations to attempt to end the alleged slave conditions in the Black Republic.

Mr. Charles King, the President of the Republic, is stated to have resigned as the result of the report, which is understood to hold him, as President, responsible "for the deplorable conditions existing in Liberia."

ERY:

An Illustrated Survey of the Black Republic whose Conditions of Slavery and Forced Labour have been Revealed by a League of Nations Committee of Inquiry



CONCRETE BRICKS: Work in progress in Monrovia on one of the new buildings under construction. *On left*—is a typical Monrovian woman employed as a typist in an office. Before she would allow a picture to be taken she insisted on having her hair dressed. This civilization exists only among the descendants of the freed American Slaves. The natives however, are not only backward, but are depressed by the Liberians, whose Government has been revealed to be as soulless as Tammany or the "works" of Chicago

THE SABLE CABINET: President King of Liberia with his cabal—Messrs. J. S. Cooper (Finance), Edwin Barclay (Foreign), M. Masonquoi (Railways—which do not exist), B. W. Grimes (Education—limited to the Liberians proper), and J. S. Dennis (War). President King has resigned in view of the hideous revelations made by the Commission formed by Sir Thomas Barclay (British), Dr. Cuthbert-Christy (British), and Dr. Charles Johnson (a negro professor representing the U.S. Government). The inquiry was initiated through the auspices of the British Delegation. Since the days of 1865, when America went "free," such tales of persecution and barbarity have not been told as the authenticated facts unearthed by the Commission. There is a certain irony to be found in the fact that it is to Britain—and not to the U.S.A., under whose auspices the "Free Republic of the Blacks" was founded in 1820—that the depressed negroes, sold into a virtual if not a nominal slavery, must and do look for the amelioration of the rigours of their life. *On left*—is a general impression of the Central Market

Pictures by Martin Munkacsy

DEVOTIONAL: Feminine Negroid choristers in the chief church of Monrovia

A LEGAL FICTION: The electric lighting in the streets of Monrovia are cleaned every week, but the lamps are never lit, for the power-station has long since ceased to function

A BELLE OF THE CAPITAL: A Liberian aristocrat—a descendant of a U.S. slave

Liberian representatives confess helplessness in the matter, saying that the alleged abuses take place within the large American-owned plantations, and that the country is largely controlled by American capital. However, it is well known that the State forces convicts and prisoners to work in various spheres, road-making, etc.

The story of the Liberian Republic is interesting. A hundred years ago some American philanthropists made an attempt to found and develop a modern negro civilization. They settled freed slaves in the land of their origin, and with so much success that in 1847 Liberia was able to declare its independence with the town of Monrovia as its capital. The United States style of government was copied, with a parliament of two houses, the upper being the Senate with an elected President, and five Ministers of State Departments, supported by a trained army of 2,000 men.

Liberia lies between the British colony of Sierra Leone and the French Ivory Coast, about 15 degrees north. There is about 400 miles of coast-line and a superficial land area nearly as big as Ireland. In this territory there are 40,000 civilized negroes and about 1,500,000 indigenous natives of different tribes.

NEWS from ABROAD

Events and Personalities in Switzerland : Queen Hélène's Hostess : Wireless in the Desert : A Dreaded Loss

THE RACE FOR THE GOLDEN SKIS : A group of competitors in the great ski-ing event at Wengen, a resort increasing in popularity year by year owing to its glorious ski-ing grounds. The race was held under good conditions in new snow. One competitor carried away a finishing flag when falling at the finale of the race

ROYALTY IN A REPUBLIC : The Queen of the Belgians and Lady Mabel Lunn, in the snows of Mürren, Bernese Oberland, where King Albert and Queen Elizabeth have been taking a well-earned holiday

Inset—*QUEEN HÉLÈNE'S HOSTESS : Signora Giana Cellini, who has placed her castle at the disposal of her old school friend, King Carol's ex-wife*

WIRELESS IN THE DESERT : Within the next eighteen months every important centre in Hedjaz and Nejd will be linked by radio. Fifteen stations have been commissioned by Ibn Saud from the Marconi Company to whose school in Chelmsford four pupils in wireless have been sent by the Eastern king. These gentlemen in their elegant kufiyas are seen above undergoing instruction

FEARS ARE ENTERTAINED for the safety of Mrs. Beryl Hart and Captain William MacLaren, who attempted to fly the Atlantic via the Azores in the monoplane Trade Wind *laden with freight. As we go to press there is no reliable news of them or their machine*

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

WHO WILL FILL "THE EMPTY CONTINENTS"?—"The earth to those who cultivate it!" This parallel of the Bolshevik industrial slogan in Red Russia, "Food only for those who work," is beginning to crystallize out of the despair of some of the over-populated sections and corners of Continental Europe.

Migrations of peoples, as I recently pointed out in these columns, have almost entirely ceased because of the well-nigh impassable immigration barriers that Argentine, Brazil, the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa have raised. I am wondering just how long it will be before this stoppage of the flow of the stream of humanity will react in the demand for a League of Nations, or other international conference, to discuss a redistribution of over-population to the bare spots and unfilled spaces on the globe in the interest of world peace and world economics.

Again and again I see reference in Continental newspapers to "Britain controls almost one-fourth of the earth's area, and neither fills it with her own people nor lets other nations colonize."

In Germany, Austria, and Italy, to mention but three countries, this pressure for an outlet for their overflow population is becoming stronger and more intense as unemployment grows and misery increases. It is almost certain to be only a question of time before that problem will be brought up in Geneva once sufficient public interest has been aroused.

British East Africa, including the former German East Africa, with its vast fertile stretches, scarcely populated at all by whites, is the spot on the map which the Germans and Austrians believe could relieve their countries of many thousands of surplus population.

"The Empty Continent," favourite term for Australia, is another target at which German and Italian writers have of late been shooting with their pens or typewriters.

Two German writers, Dr. Colin Ross and Dr. Max Jordan, recently visited Australia and have written extensively on their observations. They argue "What moral right has Britain, or the Australians, to such a vast 'Empty Continent' when they do not populate it or cultivate it, and allow it to lie barren, while in other parts of the world people starve?"

It is pointed out that Australia has been a British possession for more than a hundred years. That in the time that the United States has become a nation of 120,000,000 Australia with an area almost as great has climbed to 6,500,000 or much less than the population of London or New York. "If the spirit of adventure and pioneering has died out in the British race, then let *our* young men and women into those empty spaces," the argument continues.

"We would make a garden of Australia if we were allowed to emigrate there," I was told recently in Japan, where the great increase in population threatens to burst all barriers.

The action of the Australian Government in stopping Italian immigrants from entering Australia, has aroused feeling in Italy, and also brought the "Empty Continent" to the attention of those Europeans who feel that in their overcrowded sections there are no chances for them or coming generations.

Dr. Heinrich Schnee, former Governor of German East Africa, charged the other day in a newspaper interview that Britain is seeking in effect to annex the mandated territory, formerly German possession, and which he points out is twice as big as Germany itself.

Looking far into the future, one may well ask whether the emptiness of Australia may not in time menace its chances of remaining a "White Continent" unless ways and means are found for increasing its white population as a defensive bulwark.

To the north is Japan with its rapidly increasing population, already far beyond what the Island Empire can support. There is China, overflowing wherever it can with peaceful penetration. To the west are the crowded Dutch East Indies, and India with its 320,000,000 of humanity. In this sea of brown and yellow mankind, aggregating about one thousand million souls, Australia with its six-and-a-half million white population is just a tiny island of uncertain future. Nothing more than an outpost. One might almost say a "listening post" of white civilization. Can it be held if the Australians persist in their immigration policy?

VANITIES.—While the multiplied thoughts of Governments, financiers, business men, and the world of women, busily budgeting available or prospective New Year resources, wrestle with a staggering aggregate, it is interesting to reflect that in Bulgaria at least, women of the "higher intelligentsia" spend on an average less than five shillings a week on dress and beauty culture. According to the latest statistics, £10 a year is the average annual budget which Bulgarian women allow for clothes. In New York, a city of more than 6,000 beauty-shops, a face-lifting operation costs anything up to £300. Beauty-culture is recognized as the fourth great industry of America. American women spend about £365,000,000 a year on cosmetics alone, exclusive of the clothes to set off their beautified selves. 2,375 tons of rouge, 26,500 tons of skin lotion, 6,500 tons of powder are amongst the figures quoted. In England, we are alleged to spend about £65,000,000 a year on cosmetics and at the hairdresser. A couple of years ago the Ministry of Labour investigated, and declared that the post-War woman spends 120 per cent. more on clothes than she did in 1914. Dress cost German women £25,000,000 for the year, and still more significant of the tastes and requirements of the new frau and fräulein is the fact that they spend £500,000 on 524 tons of lipstick alone.

THE LEADER OF A MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE: General Balbo, who succeeded in getting ten of the twelve Italian seaplanes to Brazil

Even from far-off Japan echoes the cry that women are becoming extravagant. A survey made by the Osaka city authorities revealed that every woman in that city possessed an average of twenty-three different kimonos, worth about £78. The report added that while the women of Europe and America spent eight or ten per cent. on their wedding trousseaux, the average Japanese bride spends as much as 250 per cent. of the annual income of her father.

In China the Nationalist Government, alarmed by the increasing number of bachelors who declared marriage and responsibility of a wife too expensive these days, stepped in with an attempted economy campaign.

THE "AIRINES" OF THE WORLD.—The year 1931 promises to be a record "Air year." The world is to be linked up by air routes. General Italo Balbo has already inaugurated the next twelve months of aviation triumphantly by his spectacular transatlantic flight with a Fascist aerial fleet of four squadrons.

Among vast projects are the London-Cairo-Cape Town regular passenger and mail line of the Imperial Airways of Britain; the completion of linking South America with an entire network of air-lines to the United States by the Pan-American Airways; the connecting of Shanghai, Nankin, Peiping, and Tokio to the capitals of Europe by air; the establishment of thousands of miles of airways in China, and lastly, serious contemplation of spanning the Atlantic with aircraft, both lighter-than-air and heavier-than-air machines.

Britain and America will take the lead in this extension of commercial air-lines. The granting of a subsidy of nearly £1,000,000 by the British Government to the Imperial Airways for the London-Cairo-Cape Town air route now assures that line and brings South Africa as close to London as is Canada and New York by slow steamer. Eight great Handley Page forty-passenger biplanes have been ordered. One is completed. Already leading the world in private flying, England, with its splendid flying clubs, and more than 400 privately-owned light 'planes, is certain to see a big increase in that direction.

America begins the year in the air with just over 15,000 licensed pilots of all classifications, 10,000 'planes of all kinds, and a vast over-population of aircraft, and much unsold stock on hand. Completion of linking entire South America, Mexico, and the West Indies with the North under one management, is the goal.

The United States Post Office Department has announced tenders for a contract to carry mail across the Atlantic to Europe via the Bermudas and Azores. As no aircraft is yet in sight that can be counted on with safety to cross the Atlantic, excepting the *Graf Zeppelin* those tenders can only be regarded as an incentive to encourage efforts.

CONTINENTAL ACTIVITIES.—France, long-sighted, has secured the air monopoly on the "key" bases on both the North and South Atlantic routes from Portugal for thirty years, by the exclusive concession to the Azores, the Cape Verdes, as well as the mainland of Portugal, and the Portuguese West Coast of Africa points. The French have now approached American aviation interests with a view to establishing jointly a trans-atlantic air-line via the Azores and the British Bermudas. That, however, necessitates British co-operation or approval, France is endeavouring to encourage private flying, with government support in the purchase of light 'planes and annual contribution to their maintenance.

Germany, which has set an amazing pace in the air, has suddenly slowed down, practically brought to a standstill by the drastic reductions of Government subsidies to her aircraft industry, and to the Luft Hansa, the largest air-traffic operating company in Europe. In China it has secured the rights for an air line between Nankin, Peiping, Tientsin, and Mukden. The first four 'planes with their pilots are to leave for the Far East within the next weeks. The Luft Hansa is negotiating with the Russians and Chinese for a line from Shanghai to Berlin. Difficulties with the Russians have held the matter back. Germany has around 5,000 pilots, but not more than seventy privately-owned aeroplanes. The Versailles Treaty prohibits Government financial support of private flying.

THE NEW FRENCH AIR MINISTER: M. Painlevé who succeeded M. Laurent-Eynac in this important post last month

Under the driving force of dynamic energy and personality of General Italo Balbo, Italian Minister of Aviation, Italy is making a bid for one of the largest "Airines," both civil and military in Europe. Two of the Dornier twelve-engined *Do X* giant flying-ships are to be delivered to her before summer. Air predominance over the Mediterranean is the ambition of Italy.

Russia is making much greater progress in the air than is generally known or believed. She is credited at the end of the year, with 1720 fighting units in her Red Military Air Fleet, and, with reserves and civil craft, about 2,200 'planes. Training in the Red Air Force is most ruthless. No air-soldiers in Europe fly so much as do the Russians. The Red Air-Commanders incline towards mass tactics in the air with big machines heavily armed, rather than the single-fighter, or "Interceptor" favoured in the west.

The projected transatlantic Zeppelin line depends almost wholly on the question of non-inflammable helium gas, which only America possesses. Dr. Hugo Eckener has postponed his planned trip to Java to survey a Zeppelin route to the Dutch East Indies in order to go to Washington this month to learn definitely whether the American Government will permit commercial Zeppelins to have helium. The *R 101* disaster doomed the hydrogen-filled airships. The end, or further development of lighter-than-air craft thus lies almost entirely in the hands of America. It is building two gigantic Zeppelins of its own.

FACE LIFTING: This operation, even more popular in the U.S.A. than in Europe, can cost anything up to £300

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THE KING: Alfonso XIII, doyen of European monarchs, personal and political hero, who is the dominant motif *in the patchwork of his country*

The *Spanish* "APPLECART"

Of which King Alfonso May be the Only One to Stay the Upset

Following the exposition of the* dramatis personæ *in the Spanish Crisis by Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy in the issue of January 10, we present below an amplified account of the* status quo *and the* status quo ante *in the troubled peninsula south of the Pyrenees. The contending elements: Church, Army, Communists, Aristocrats, Politicians, and the Voiceless Millions all stand in a position of delicate equilibrium maintained by the King alone

By NEGLEY FARSON

The Queen of Spain on Monday morning four weeks ago was having a permanent wave when the drone of Major Franco's aeroplane over the Royal Palace announced the challenge of Republicanism. The hairdresser did not know what to do, for it takes about two hours to get all the little gadgets out; and—revolution or no revolution—nothing could be allowed to ruin Her Majesty's golden hair. So the Queen calmly went on with her wave. The King of Spain, meanwhile—and for four hours, let it be remarked—had the dismal satisfaction of being able to watch Major Franco and comrades (there were three 'planes in the air at one time) fly back and forth, landing for more pamphlets to scatter over Madrid reviling his regime. Inscribed on the little revolutionary documents was the intimation that bombs would be dropped in turn. And, as I happen to know, the children of at least one Spanish Minister were taken down into the cellar, from which subterranean retreat their English governess sent up word that she wanted to have 500 pesetas so that she could leave the country at once. The Minister's answer (he is an international sportsman) was to bring the children upstairs at once as he was not half so afraid of their being bombed as he was of their catching 'flu.

At about the same time some twenty of the local intelligentsia—inspired by the promise of Madame Franco that the Revolution was "all set to go"—had motored over from Irun to San Sebastian, and, finding nothing better to do, had murdered two miserable Guardia Sequridad in the Civil Governor's headquarters, and then motored full speed for the safety of France. Simultaneously some forty enthusiastic "Republican" flying officers had taxied from a café in Barcelona to "attack" and capture the local aerodrome there, but being met by a resolute sentry, who announced that he would use his rifle if they insisted on breaking in, they had driven off again. And about this time an ill-conceived Press censorship snapped down its jaws, utterly refuting the axiom that "no news is good news," for, cut off from their correspondents, all the world's newspapers began to print the worst.

REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—ALL NEWS CUT OFF! screamed wireless and wires, tickers rattled, telephones jangled, telegraphs tapped, and foreign correspondents—I being one of them—left their breakfasts, dinners, beds, and good, honest wives, and began to fly over the Pyrenees like carrion crows. And what had happened?

Cuarto Vientos Aerodrome, on the outskirts of Madrid, from which Franco staged his fiasco, is situated in the heart of Carabanchel Camp, the largest military depôt in all Spain, with something like 12,000 troops under arms at all times. This includes the only two tank sections in the Spanish Army. Just across the road from the rebellious aerodrome is the shooting range for the artillery. All they had to do was to slew their guns around, let drive, and . . . well, after four hours they did it. It ended the "Revolution" at once. Franco hopped off for Portugal the instant the first shot was fired in his direction. A few miles away from Cuarto Vientos lies Jetafe, aerodrome of the Spanish "pursuit" squadron—misnomer if ever there was one—for when these gentlemen were telephoned to by the agitated commandant at Madrid, demanding:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, what are you doing?"

"Aqui estamos entre Pinto y Valdemoro," they are said to have replied. "We here are between Pinto and Valdemoro."

A Spanish proverb of indecision, Pinto and Valdemoro being two little towns on the road from Madrid to Aranjuez that look so much alike it is said the traveller can never make up his mind which one he wants to go to. And the "pursuit" squadron only took up the chase in its fast scouts long after Franco in his lumbering bus was well on the way to Lisbon. The great general strike which Labour was expected to make in support of the Army's Republicanism proved to be a complete fizzle. Bilbao was agitated by nearly a complete stoppage of work for one day, but the trams ran in Madrid through all of it, the great railways kept to schedule, and in fiery Barcelona, hot-bed of revolt, communism, and assassinations, everything worked except a few taxis who held out for a few hours, and a few lazy dockworkers who took this opportunity for a holiday. So much for that. When most of us arrived in sunny Madrid on Wednesday morning the boulevards were packed with basking Spaniards, only a handful of the red Piave Hussars were guarding the King's palace, the cafés were deafening with vociferous Spaniards, drinking, jabbering, playing dominoes—still talking politics—but as far as any direct action was concerned their apathy was as usual.

"Spain," said the Duke of Alba, when he received me in the Foreign Office. "is expected to produce an Edgar Wallace thriller. And everything that happens here seems to be written up that way. Well, it is a pity to disappoint you. The 'Revolution' is over."

Well, so it was for the moment. But that is not saying that it will not break out again, and very likely in the near future, for there are certain specific complaints in the Spanish political system which it seems will have to be cleared out of the body politic before its blood stream can be purified. The chief of them, of course, is this question of Kingship. And as I listened to the witty Duke of Alba detailing some of the symptoms it struck me that although some of the more lurid Republicans might have liked to put Alfonso "On the Spot," the situation did not remind me of Edgar Wallace. I had been in Spain three years before to interview Primo de Rivera, I was about to see General Berenguer, and the more I looked and learned of Spanish Republicanism the more the feeling was growing that I was watching almost an uncanny reproduction in real life of Bernard Shaw's *Applecart*, the tribulations of a real King, loyal to the best interests of his country, and that Alfonso was the best Spaniard of them all.

"Alfonso has swindled all of us!"

The cry rang in my ears. It was supposed to have been uttered by Señor Antonio Maura, five times Conservative Premier of Spain (whose son has just been jailed over this latest little outburst of Republicanism) reviling the King for his intrigues among Ministers, and comparing him to Ferdinand VII. But what else can a King do if he cannot resort to the subtlety of intrigue—*must he be a dictator?* A thing, that were it not for the trend of the times, Alfonso, it seems, could become. And why should a monarch be blamed if he is too clever for his politicians? Look at the facts realistically. What has the King done that is so terribly wrong?—and what is more to the point, what have the Spanish Parliamentarians done that is any good at all at all, as the Irish would say. You'll find it a hard job indeed to answer that last question.

The King's unpopularity as a matter of fact—and it is a very real one—is of a comparatively recent date and rests upon a comical pedestal. He has, it appears, offended Spanish pride. Now Spanish pride is a peculiar thing, and, without offence, one wonders how they keep it. Two of the biggest buildings in Madrid are the Ministry of Marine and the Ministry of War, hardly necessary it seems for a nation which has not won any battles within modern history. The sight of them in Madrid puts your back up, and when you turn to the soldiers in the streets, looking like badly-dressed boys, you feel even more aggravated. They are not the glory of Spain. But go down to heroic Saragossa, immortal for its defence against the French in 1808 (in which slaughter the phrase "War to the knife!" was born), and there, in one of those superb dusty churches by the muddy Ebro, the Virgen del Pilar, I think, you will see all the flags of Spain's lost colonies—an awesome array of blue and white banners that in their day stood for most of the New World. I went there. And I knew then that this was the glory of Spain, for the Spaniards have a long memory—even the Duke of Alba told me that he "hated that man Oliver Cromwell!" That, and a certain spirituality of which most Europeans seem quite unaware, account for the pride of the Spaniard to-day. It is a very real thing. I do not wish to discuss it. But when it comes to Spanish politicians I have merely to say that things had reached such a rotten state in Spanish politics, the professional office holders had become so lazy and corrupt, that the two big parties, the Liberals and Conservatives, *had actually taken to rotating in office!*

THE SAILOR PRINCE OF SPAIN: The Infante Juan, King Alfonso's third son, who has just been gazetted a lieutenant in the Navy

They did this with the connivance and consent of the Ministry of the day, sharing the spoils of office in turn, throwing a few scats to the Republican dogs to keep them quiet, and watching with a fat-eyed drowsiness the growth of a Socialist party which managed to secure six deputies out of a Cortes of 447—before Primo, with the connivance of the King, swept out the whole lot of them in his *coup d'état* in September 1923. And from that date dates the unpopularity of King Alfonso XIII.

It really begun to be manifest at a point three months later over a technicality, which was this: the Spanish Constitution lays it down that the power of the Crown is derived from the people, and it also says that whenever a Cortes is dissolved (which might be done legally) a new one must be summoned after three months. When, three months after Primo's *coup*, the none too upright leaders of the Liberals and Conservatives called upon the King demanding that he call another Parliament, he told them to be off, and made, so it is said, a remark to the effect that the Spanish people were not yet fit (and can you blame him?) for self-government. That was the drop of poison in the Spanish political cup—and that is where he pricked Spanish pride. For some two years, however, things did not go so badly for him. Primo had cleaned up the Sindicalista labour troubles in Barcelona, where something like 300 employers were murdered in the years 1918–1921, and he seemed on a fair way to clean up Spain. But the genius of even such a genial dictator as Primo has its limits and cannot be taxed too long. He did it all "with a smile," he did not shoot anyone, but he began to make enemies. By abolishing the Trade

Unions and the Sindicato Unico, the Communist organization in Barcelona, he offended that branch of Labour. He tried to make it up to the working-man by his concessions to the Socialists, who, it must be pointed out, were probably closer to him than any other political party during his regime. By instituting the order that promotion in the Army should be by merit and not by seniority he shocked the Spanish officers to their very marrow. By closing all the universities when they went on strike against some of his educational edicts—saying, "We have enough half-boiled lawyers in Spain"—he bitterly alienated the intelligentsia. Workers, officers, the professions, the professors, the professional politicians—Primo's enemies became the King's enemies. And then Alfonso very deftly dropped Primo.

He refused to sign Primo's proposal for some reforms. Primo addressed an open appeal to the army, which let him down, and after seven years and four days of dictatorship Primo resigned. General Berenguer, whom the King had amnestied after his Morocco misfortunes, had been taken into the Royal Household, was all prepared—and Alfonso put him in Primo's place.

Clever Alfonso!

But then things began to happen. Primo made no bones about his contempt for the Spanish parliamentary system, called it a collection of crooks, and as for the elections he said he could pick a better body of deputies than the people could choose. Which he did, as a matter of fact, when he created the Assembly. General Berenguer, on the other hand, announced that at once he intended to bring the Spanish people by the shortest route possible back to a return to constitutional government. To this end he abolished the Press censorship that Primo had held muzzled for seven years, he permitted the Trades Unions and Sindicato Unico to raise their heads again, he rescinded Primo's order of promotion by merit in the Army (making new enemies, let it be said) and, perhaps worst of all, he permitted the right of public meetings to discuss politics. Spanish temperament being what it is, in the effervescence of such new-found freedom things began to bubble over. The Republicans tried to get into touch with certain elements in the Army, dating their discontent from Primo's regime; and, there is no question of a doubt, they received a certain measure of assurance from the Socialists that they would co-operate in a revolution.

Had the brave, but misguided, Captain Galan not started his march some three days prematurely at Jaca, there is no telling where this insurrection might have led. It was a thoroughly ill-timed and mishandled affair. The summary shooting of Galan and his brother officer might be a lesson not to start another insurrection; but things being as they are, it will probably serve as a warning that the movement must be better organized and more determined when it breaks out at some future date.

Why—and when—will this be?

First, the reasons.—

I. The undoubted unpopularity of the King—even if undeserved.
II. The discontent, as shown above, among the various classes of society.
III. The growing strength of the Communists, and especially the Socialist party, among Spanish Labour.
IV. 45 per cent. illiteracy among the population.

These things make quite a formidable array, particularly when it is seen how one builds upon the other—and the modern ideal of Republicanism is held out as bait! Together, when one considers the abysmal ignorance among the peasantry, they present the menace that the revolution once started will not stop at Republicanism at all, but will go on through into a temporary reign of terror of some sort, such as that which followed the Kerensky collapse in 1918.

That is the real danger in Spain to-day.

No one, perhaps not even those most intimate with its details, can tell how strong was the support which the Socialists promised or would be able to provide the Republicans in the revolt which has just fizzled out. There are two strong Labour organizations in Spain, the Sindicato Unico and the Sindicato Libres, having an enrolment of at least 300,000 members each. That may not seem so much, but remember they are *organized* in a country which is very much the reverse. The Sindicato Unico is frankly Communist, spurning political methods, and is all out for direct action. Its headquarters are in Barcelona, hot-bed of Spanish revolt. And it is interesting to note that in its labour troubles with employers and its fights with the Libres, who are Socialist, for the leadership of the masses, the number of murders or attempted murders did not exceed 330 in the period 1910–1917, but exceeded 750 in the next four years. The Sindicato Unico actually paid on a sliding scale for assassinations, and if a murderer came out to deliver the *coup de grâce* on the ground to his victim—who was usually shot from ambush—he received a special bonus.

The Union of Communists calls strikes for political reasons. At a signal 37,000 workers downed tools in September, 1930. This strongly organized and determined body was temporarily crushed by General Martinez Anido, Primo's ablest lieutenant; it has again reappeared, and it will certainly utilize Spanish Republicanism to attain its own ends.

The Socialists are divided; the Catholics, it is said, are not anti-monarchial. But they also form an organization on which can be grafted Republicans, and their strikes have been breaking out all over Spain during the last months of 1930 like an unhealthy skin eruption. An incident, in Spain, can provide the starting point for an attempted revolution, and the Socialists provide incidents without end.

PRIMATE OF SPAIN: Monsignor Pietro Segura y Saenz, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo

The actual Republican party? Well, first let it be said that there are at least thirty-six different political parties in Spain, and that the so-called Republican party itself is split into eighteen different groups which range from the Clerical Conservatives to out-and-out Sovietists.

The Church . . . ?

Now for real grievances. The Spanish workman works an eight-hour day, and his wages and living conditions in Barcelona and Bilbao, the two big industrial centres, will probably compare favourably with other cities in Europe. But Spain has a high tariff wall, the highest in Europe, and it is often claimed by the proletariat that the country is being run for the invested interests. The peasants it seems have a real grievance indeed. The system of land tenure does not favour the agricultural labourer. In many parts the plots are so small that the families cannot live on them. The State is trying to ratify this by a system of colonization. Not small but big estates, however, and machinery are what is needed to make farming pay; and to bring about such takes time. Hence the danger from a disgruntled peasantry.

A FLAVOUR OF OLD SPAIN: The Duke of Veragua a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus, seen with an ancient crest presented by the Church, a Mexican saddle, and a horse cover more than 300 years old. He has presented to his nation many relics of his famous ancestor

But with finance — and here comes surely the strangest Spanish paradox. The Spanish peseta to-day stands at about half its par value. Ten years ago it stood at a premium above the pound. Yet Spain has not been guilty of any note inflation. Although an unprotected currency the Bank of Spain holds a gold reserve of 60 per cent. covering note circulation, a proportion higher than that in England, and much higher than in other countries where the currency has been stabilized. Spain has no foreign debt. Its public debt *per capita* is less than one-seventh that of England's. Its Budget has balanced up to date during Berenguer's dictatorship. This year its adverse trade balance was considerably less than half that of the year before. Yet, whereas the peseta stood at 26.80 to the pound only three years ago—it is around 44 to-day. Experts cannot explain it—except to charge lack of confidence in the political stability of Spain. Yet here is another source of public discontent, and a very real one to all classes.

Now to return to the King again and the present situation. Two things now stand to change it. The first is the trial of the Republicans who have been imprisoned during this last abortive insurrection. Franco removed himself very obligingly by flying off to Portugal; instead of their having to punish and make a martyr of him, he has made a ridiculous figure of himself. But the other "rebels," who languish in the smelly Spanish gaols? What shall be done with them? That is an ugly question, and will presumably be settled by martial law. The second danger is when martial law is removed and Berenguer, if he keeps his promise, announces that free elections for Parliament will be held March 1. Will they be constituent elections, i.e., for a body entitled to make a new contract with the Crown—or will they be "arranged" on the old Spanish model?

The mayors of the towns and the chairmen and secretaries of the councils are appointed by the Government. They run the elections. And in the old days they ran them so

(Continued on p. 108)

THE HEAD OF THE ARMY: The Infante Don Carlos of Bourbon who has recently been appointed to the post of Inspector-General, a position hitherto vacant for many years

IN SEARCH OF A TREASURE: A typical Parisian looks for a bargain in the envelopes full of old issues on sale in the Champs Elysées

A NATION of PHILATELISTS

France's Hobby Among Aristocrats and Plebeians, Rich and Poor, Young and Old, Intellectual and Humdrum, is Stamp Collecting

PARIS

In what are the French people most interested? The answer to this, a secret until now, is surprising, and will be particularly appreciated by all stamp collectors. The French as a nation have a hobby. It is even more general and popular with them than bicycle riding. This hobby is the king of indoor sports with the French, young and old, rich and poor, in city and country. And until this was written, the great world outside of France never knew anything about it. The discovery was only made by the writer after some years' residence in various parts of the country.

The French are an entire nation of stamp collectors. If I were to tell the happenings which occurred to me during the period of some three years during which time the amazing prevelancy for stamp collecting was brought home, this article would have to be extended into a full-length book.

In the year 1927, I arrived in Paris and immediately afterwards went on to the historic little town of Fontainebleau. At this place I received at one time some forty fowarded letters bearing upon them American and Canadian stamps. Imagine my surprise when getting my mail handed out to me, the clerk, with great eagerness, asked me if I would mind giving him the envelopes and the stamps. Now none of these stamps was rare. Yet such is the interest and the demand that in this same post-office three days later, when I got a second batch of mail, a second clerk made the same request, all unknowing that I had given stamps to one of his comrades. I told the second clerk I had promised to keep the stamps for his fellow-worker. But he looked so disappointed I agreed in future to give him half.

This instance struck me particularly because these men were working in a post-office. One would naturally have thought they would have chosen as a hobby the collecting of some object not so closely connected with the daily routine. But on two later occasions, in small towns in France, I had the similar experience of being asked for my foreign stamps, once by the post-mistress, and once by a clerk.

Leaving Fontainebleau after a few weeks I returned to Paris and took a room in a quiet hotel. Two days later the chambermaid, having noticed a pile of letters on my table when she was cleaning the room, came back when I was in, and very anxiously inquired if I would do her a great favour. Experience, as yet, had not accustomed me what to expect. So I answered with reserve.

Begging my pardon again and again for her forwardness, she said, "Would monsieur, perhaps, give me one or two stamps off his letters?"

I had been expecting something like a demand for financial assistance to aid an aged mother or sick child. And from that day until I left the hotel the faithful Julia received all my foreign stamps. She was a fat, placid Norman girl, uneducated, terribly overworked, and underpaid. Her hours were from seven in the morning till seven at night. When she had finished her day's labour she was too tired to go anywhere. She told me she had been a year in Paris, and only twice to a theatre, a movie. Her one interest in life was collecting stamps. They brought into her life a gleam of romance, a breath of far away places she would never see. These varied tiny bits of paper, of little value from a collector's standpoint, were highlights in the drab round of her days. I have seldom seen a greater light of pleasure than came to her eyes on that first day, when I granted her unexpected request. And when I finally departed from the hotel and offered her a fairly generous tip, she was quite indignant, and at first refused it.

"Has not monsieur given me stamps?" In her opinion that reward was sufficient. And it was only after my most firm insisting that she finally consented to take the tip.

I moved from the hotel to a flat. On the second day of my habitation here the landlady called to see about some details. At the moment I was opening my mail. On top of the pile was an envelope bearing an aviation stamp issued by the United States to commemorate the International Aeronautics Conference, December 12, 13, 14, 1928. Suddenly, in the middle of her conversation with me, the woman's eyes lighted on this stamp. So powerful was the grip of the hobby upon her that she forgot even French politeness, got up from her chair, and had laid her hands upon the envelope before she realized the breach of manners she had been thus led into by the power of her hobby. She, too, requested me to save my stamps.

I journeyed to the South of France in the second year of my stay in France. I had a quaint apartment over a laundry in a little town snuggling up the mountainside, near Nice. The owner of this, a good-natured, middle-aged lady, was a stamp collector, and upon the first day I received my mail at her house the large batch of letters caught her eye. When she brought up the letters I once again heard a request to which I was now becoming accustomed. So I saved stamps for her.

But life was made difficult for me, for the two young girls who worked in the laundry for madame heard of the large mails I was getting. So a few mornings later two timid maidens stood before my door and very humbly begged that I might favour them with a few stamps. Madame was such a good soul, that when I told her about the matter, she readily agreed to letting each of her pretty employees have a share of the bounty.

One day in Nice I got some letters and after reading them I went for a walk through the old town, a region of very narrow and dirty streets. Presently I noticed a little urchin was following me closely. In his eyes was a queer longing, mingled with a diffidence, withholding him from speaking. He kept beside me until my wonder was aroused. Finally I stopped and asked him what he wanted. He pointed to the stamps and with great timidity made the request. So I made happy this pathetic ragged little boy—more so than had I given him money, for already at the age of probably seven he had been fired with the collector's zeal, a truly powerful virus.

Not long after, high up in the Alps at a lonely monastery I spent a day visiting an historic place. And in conversation with one of the monks I learned that not only he, but several of his brothers collected stamps. I did not think it was possible to be a collector and be without covetousness. But evidently the good brothers succeeded.

In Paris it was often my custom after receiving my mail, to drop into a café on my way home. And one day when I had a particularly large bundle of letters, the waiter said:

"I have noticed *monsieur* several times with many letters. Perhaps he would care to sell me the stamps from them?"

This was the first time I had received an offer of a profitable nature. I gave him permission to cut off what stamps he wished, and when I was leaving he refused my tip.

Across the wide court of the studio quarter where I lived for a time in Paris, lived a young French count. I had taken one of the big ateliers, whose big windows made such a place a most cheerful working-place for the writer as well as the painter. The young count was dabbling at painting, and we got into the habit of dropping in informally upon each other. One day I went out and when I returned I found to my surprise the count on his knees before the contents of my overturned waste-paper basket. He looked up from his search at me reproachfully, at the same time holding up in his hand a large envelope bearing two large stamps, one red, one green.

"You terrible person," he said, and there was real sincerity in his voice, "if I hadn't happened to catch sight of one of these sticking in your waste basket they would have been thrown away."

He got to his feet, having thoroughly explored the basket. He held in his hand two of the new Canadian stamps of ten and twenty cent. denomination bearing the totem pole design, a truly beautiful issue.

Later, when asking leave, he said with the utmost sincerity:—

"May I beg a favour of you. Every time you get your mail may I come in and go through the basket for the stamps?"

So there you are. Ragged little boys and counts with family trees going back to the time of François I; concièrges and laundresses, waiters and kings. Almost everybody in fact in France collects these little bits of paper.

Francis Dickie

THE STAMP EXCHANGE: The stamp collectors' market in Paris, held in the Champs Elysées. Men, women, and children of all ages and all degrees haunt these philatelists' stalls in search of some rare bargain to augment their collections

THE SURVEY *of the* SPHERE

News from Distant Lands Told in Pictures

70 BOARS SHOT: Some of the bag obtained in two days when Admiral Horthy entertained the Maharaja of Patiala at Gödöllö. Though boars are common in Hungary, these were in a well-stocked Royal preserve of wide extent

PERSIA UP-TO-DATE: No more significant impression of modern Persia can be imagined than the picture above—the Telegraph Office just opened at Teheran. The impressive edifice and the orderly and Westernly clad crowds are typical of the State created by the Shah, Riza Khan, who has done for his land as much as Mussolini has done for Italy

A FARMER MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE: M. Mihalacke who has been appointed to the Ministry of Agriculture in Rumania by King Carol II—a popular appointment which has created an excellent impression in the peasant country. M. Mihalacke is a prosperous peasant with an intimate personal knowledge of agricultural problems

GERMAN REPUBLICANS MOURN A LOST LEADER: A section of the crowd of 100,000 which gathered to do honour to the memory of Willi Schneider, the member of the Reichsbanner, the German republican organization. He was shot with a comrade on New Year's night by a National Socialist. The crowd defiled past the body lying-in-state at the Saalbau Friedrichshain, Northern Berlin

WHEN YOUTH MEETS AGE: Four people were killed when a regular west-bound Loening amphibian 'plane, run by China Airways, crashed into a mast of the junk while taking off at Lunghwa for Hankow. General Hsiung Hsi-hui, Police Commissioner of Shanghai and Woosung, was one of the passengers. He will be unfit for duty for at least eight weeks. Above are seen the junk and the 'plane after the crash

Drawn by C. Walter Hodges.

THE CLASH: A symbolic representation of the present state of desert transport, where the camel gives way to the car

THE SILENT REVOLUTION—II

Phases of the Conquest of the Deserts of the World by Motor Transport

The ARAB *abandons the* CAMEL

The old is always giving way before the new. And so on that narrow strip between the desert and the town where the lonely nomad for centuries past has driven his camels and followed the scattered leaves of grass, with the sun ever at his back, forcing him to wander in search of food and water, the camel, with its poetry and history gathered around it, is giving way before the militant progress of the motor. Little is heard of these regions and in the trade journals they figure not at all, yet here it is that the East and West clash most severely.

Nowhere is this more true than on the margins of Holy Arabia, one of the last strongholds of the primitive. It has been visited by a mere handful of Westerners, and these have been either envoys of Western nations to its fanatical potentates, or daring explorers, who have risked all in the inhospitable land. For only true believers in the faith of Muhammad are welcome in this holy pale.

But since the War, and even before it in some cases, the West with its scientific and technical achievements, has been making inroads into the barren fastness of this peninsula. Cutting through the desert are the narrow steel rails of Turkey's strategic railway, the Hejaz Railway—nominally built to facilitate the pilgrims on their way to the sacred shrines of Islam, but in reality a military necessity in the co-ordination of the former empire of the Sublime Porte. The struggle for the control of this line rivals even that of the Siberian Railway. It is now the prize of Ibn Saoud, the aggressive King of Nejd.

Over Northern Arabia the planes of the Royal Airways drone wearily, en route to India, and between Damascus and Bagdad long caravans of motor-cars speed passengers and mails, and have entirely supplanted the slow-moving camel. The larger cities buzz and shriek with the sound of motors, and buses carry the peasants between their squalid villages. Quickly the interior of the bus fills up, and to the Western eye a full complement is reached, but not so to the Eastern Another and yet another passenger arrives and disappears into the dusty interior until one thinks the sides of the vehicle must burst under the human pressure from within. When the interior is really full to saturation point the traveller climbs on top, and here equal skill at finding seating accommodation is shown; the human load overflows the top and hangs on the sides.

When Ibn Saoud of Nejd decided to provide himself with a car, he cast about for some time trying to decide which one of his subjects was best fitted to make the choice—which one of his long-robed Bedouins was best fitted to appraise the value of the car, and make certain that his king was not being cheated by a Levantine sharper. After much deliberation a blacksmith of Hail was chosen, and with two ministers of state was sent to Amman, near the Palestine frontier, where the purchase was to be made.

He bought cars for Ibn Saoud, which, driven by swarthy Arabs, went off over the high plateau towards Hail, the distant capital in the heart of Arabia. But among the lesser people, too, among the ordinary Bedouins, the same interesting development is taking place. They also are interested in motor-cars. Just as the gipsies of America gave up their carriage caravans for the car, so the Bedouin seems to consider deserting the camel wherever the country makes the new type of travel possible, From time immemorial the nomad has loaded his chattels upon the back of a camel and has moved from mountain peak to valley, following his pasturing herds. But recently a very different scene presented itself. Along a rocky road in Transjordania rattled a long line of dilapidated cars. The mud-guards were piled high with baggage and inside crowded to the utmost capacity of the cars were Bedouins, their faces heavily coated with dust, while silently and ill-temperedly they suffered in the heat. This was the Adwan tribe on the trek. There was not a camel or horse in sight. The herds had all gone before, driven by slaves and servants, for every man who could afford it travelled by car.

When the cars stopped to refuel, out piled all the Bedouins, adjusting their long robes and wiping the dust from their faces.

"What has happened to your camels?" asked someone tauntingly.

"The car is more convenient," was the reply.

"And more comfortable?"

"No, by Allah, the camel is superior in comfort, but the car is faster and more convenient."

T. Raveller

Crossing SINAI *by* CAR

Early in January it became necessary for me to prepare to remove my family and household from Cairo to Jerusalem, and the problem of moving two Morris cars, an overseas saloon and a two-seater, had to be tackled. Friends who had taken cars by trains were loud in their protestations that the cars would be damaged in transit, and at last a Cairo motorist, Mr. Lee, who had done much pioneer work in desert motoring assured us that the journey through Sinai, via Suez, was possible if certain preparations were made.

It was necessary to carry food and blankets for three days, and petrol and water to get us from Suez to Bir Hassanah, roughly about one hundred and twenty miles, over waterless desert. The Frontiers officials made their arrangements and gave us their permit to cross the canal by their ferry at El Kubri, near Suez, and on March 27 we left Cairo at 3.30 p.m. for Suez, where we spent the night. The last twenty miles of the Cairo-Suez road were terrible, with a surface such as might have been made by a giant comb drawn across it, and the awful bumping and rattling was a real test of the cars. The following morning we found that two hub nuts had disappeared from the right back wheel of one Morris, but fortunately, nuts were supplied to fit by the amiable officer in charge of the ferry at El Kubri. The ferry takes two cars together, and the passage over the canal is an affair of fifteen minutes—half an hour for all our cars, as the two Jowetts had gone over the previous evening and camped in the desert. We left El Kubri at 9.15 a.m., travelling eight miles southwards to El Shatt along a well-defined track, when we branched off to the east towards the Mitla Pass.

A few miles farther on, just before reaching the foot-hills of the pass, the road was covered with fine drift sand and the large Morris skidded over this towards the edge of the road and sank to her axles.

We spent the best part of an hour digging her left wheels free and then laid down lengths of strong wire mesh and slowly got her up on to hard ground again. Lunch at the entrance to the Mitla Pass with a glorious stretch of blue desert hills, and the winding road running up the waddy between them was a pleasant interlude in the brisk air of a cloudy day, and hot tea was welcome. The going was good until we entered the waddy El Hassanah, where many cross-water courses had cut up the road and sudden drops and rises pulled us up to careful and slow driving. Near Bir Hassanah a sign-post indicated the branch road to El Arish and the direct road to Bir Hassanah and Jerusalem, and we hurried on to gain our first rest-house before darkness should obscure the track. About 6 p.m. the outbuildings and white stones edging the road to the Frontiers rest-house came into view, and we found the guard waiting to welcome us after the first and most dangerous part of our desert journey. Beds were prepared, pure drinking water ready for us, and all hands worked together to prepare a hot supper. The rest-house is supposed to be haunted, but our large party must have scared the ghost or we were so tired with the desert air and the long day—we had risen at 6 a.m. —that we neither saw nor heard him, but slept soundly until 6 a.m. next day, when cars had to be re-packed after a hurried breakfast. The early morning air was decidedly chilly and coats and sweaters were donned before starting off on the three-hours' run to the rest-house at Kosseima a few miles beyond which a low waddy or river-bed crosses the road.

We left Beersheba at 9 a.m. next day following the main road to Hebron, a well-defined track through cultivations, but little better than a rutty cart road, which had been badly cut up during recent rains and had dried hard, but certainly not level. The cars got a bad shaking up for about ten miles when we struck a hard, well-made road rising into the hills towards Hebron.

From there on to Jerusalem the road was as good as any European road, and even tar macadam in places.

The small Morris car did the journey from Cairo to Jerusalem on ten and a half gallons of petrol for the three hundred and forty four mile run, an average of about thirty two miles per gallon in spite of much low gear work over sand and in the steep waddys. The Morris saloon used just over fifteen gallons and was not re-oiled after Suez. The element of danger is so slight if more than two light cars travel together and do not lose sight of each other, that there is no reason why this new desert road over the famous old camel route should not become a regular motor-way.

W. A. Stewart

THROUGH THE DESERT OF SINAI: A vista of the road formerly travelled only by camel and now covered with more despatch, if not with more comfort, by car

THE SILENT REVOLUTION—II.

The Conquest of the African Desert by the Motor Car

THE NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR BUS IS TRIUMPHANT: Crowded with Arabs, buses daily pass along the roads between Casablanca and Marrakesh. These buses are at Casablanca, the Moroccan port on the Atlantic coast. The Arab in touch with the West soon succumbs to the blandishments of the motor-coach and bus

ALGIERS IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF A BUSY COACH SYSTEM: From Algiers one can start off to east, west, and south, penetrating both ranges of the Atlas Mountains and reaching the distant desert highways. Four-wheelers are now used instead of six-wheelers in many places

THE MODERN PETROL PUMP IN NORTH AFRICA: The Western atmosphere of petrol pumps, lorries, coaches, and cars is in vivid contrast with leisurely Islamic Africa. Here is a motorine pump supplying petrol while an Arab street-boy looks on. Some of the desert Arabs, when told of the marvels of speed in desert cars, are not at all impressed—"And what does he do with the four days which have been saved?" is his attitude

A MOTOR COACH OF THE LATEST STYLE INTRUDES ITSELF ON A QUIET SIESTA GROUP: These buses start from Biskra and reach several distant spots; many of them traverse desert roads which a year or two ago were mere camel tracks. The best Algerian roads are classified as "route nationale Algériennès"; other roads are designated as "pistes" in their transitional period. The telephone poles, also spreading in every direction in Northern Africa, are further evidence of modern civilization

The LONDON of the DICKENS ERA

Specimens Culled from the little-known Collection of the Works of GEORGE SCHARF Preserved in the British Museum

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD IN 1834 as reported by G. Scharf. In this picture Tottenham Court Road was up. Men are drilling into metal pipes, and another is preparing molten lead for sealing the joints of the pipe. Two Dickensian-looking schoolboys with the round caps of the 'thirties watch the operation with keen interest.

A COFFEE-SHOP IN CLEVELAND STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, IN 1820: The customers were separated from one another by the high-backed seats which were characteristic of the period. An open fire blazes on the right, and another at the back with its mantelshelf loaded with brass candlesticks, snuffers, and other implements

CHARING CROSS IN 1825—a busy equine scene recorded by G. Scharf in a drawing now in the British Museum. On the left, coaches are emerging from the old Golden Cross Hotel, a predecessor of the one about to be destroyed, but on a site farther to the west. In the foreground is the coach employed on local service through Camberwell and Walworth. The façade of Northumberland House with its famous lion is sketched in with the brush in the background. *Inset above on right*—THE SMART MILKMAID OF 1818: The milk girls with their panniers presented a delightful sight in the early part of the nineteenth century. Scharf here records the attractive bonnets and gowns of Empire cut (*see opposite page*)

CRIES OF LONDON: A compendium of London types of a century ago by George Scharf

WORK ON THE BRITISH MUSEUM: The foundation of the Lycian Room in 1845 recorded by George Scharf, the vagrant artist of the early nineteenth century

OLD LONDON TYPES

The Little-known Collection of the Works of GEORGE SCHARF Preserved in the British Museum

George Scharf was born at Mainburg, near Munich, in 1788. His father had been a prosperous tradesman but lost his fortune during the wars which followed the French Revolution and George Scharf received very little education and was thrown entirely on his own resources. When he was sixteen some friends helped him to get to Munich where he studied drawing under Professor Hauber and copied pictures in the Pinakhothek. He had his first success when King Maximilian bought a drawing he had made of the picture of Eugène Beauharnais. For the next few years he studied the art of Lithography and made his living by giving drawing lessons and painting miniatures. In 1810 he left Germany and led an adventurous life following the contending armies, sometimes painting miniatures with shells bursting all round him. He was in Antwerp during the siege of 1814 and escaping from there joined the English army and was given the honorary title of Lieutenant of Baggage. He was present at Waterloo, accompanied the Allied Armies to Paris and in 1816 came to London where he settled down permanently. In 1817 he sent four portraits to the Royal Academy and became well known as a lithographic artist. He made a great many drawings of London street scenes and public buildings and also painted pictures of the Coronation of George IV, the Lord Mayor's Show, and the Sitting of Parliament. He was made a member of the Institute of Water Colour Painters and died in 1860. He married Elizabeth Hicks and had two sons, George and Henry; the latter went on the stage but George became an artist, was made a member of the R.A., and was knighted by Queen Victoria.

SPORTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN SUMMER

Recorded by **F. MATANIA**

When either the snow, traditional to Christmas cards or, more realistically, deluging rain, is affronting England with the coming of the New Year, it is ironical to think of surf-riding and midnight bathing. Yet, in places other than the Riviera or the tropics such pastimes are *en règle*. Australia rejoices in 12,000 odd miles of white sand beaches pounded by the rollers of the Pacific, the Indian, or the Southern Oceans, and surf-bathing and surf-riding are the most popular (*pace* Don Bradman!) of Australian sports. On some

most fortunate beaches, surfing is in season all the year round and, in the "summer," night-bathing is the regular evening pastime. The progressive municipalities flood-light their beaches in the manner depicted above. In the brilliant light, the gay bathing-costumes, and the iridescent water crested with scintillant foam combine to make a picture of unforgettable beauty and extraordinary gaiety and charm, imposed, as it is, against a background of deeply purple night. The sport of surf-riding is by no means easy, for it entails both a delicate sense of balance and a definite knack in keeping the nose of the surf-board out of the water and ahead of the crest of the on-coming wave which sweeps board and rider to the shore. Despite the difficulties, however, there seems no lack of enthusiasm for the sport. Surfing clubs exist in many centres, one feature of their activities being the voluntary patrolling of beaches in the interests of the rare bathers who may get into difficulties. Life-saving competitions are held between picked teams of both sexes and a genuinely "Olympian" atmosphere is created. The magnificent physical development of the Australian race is due in no small measure to such activities as these.

To-day and Daily

HAMPTONS' GREAT Furnishing SALE

secures to every customer values in House Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

Hamptons' No. C3. **6 Stuff-over Settees,** upholstered all hair. Covered with hide and tapestry. 2 loose feather seat cushions, 4 ft. 6 ins. wide. **Reduced from £17 10 0 to £14 0 0**

Hamptons' No. C4. **12 Stuff-over Easy Chairs,** upholstered all hair. Covered with hide and tapestry. Loose feather seat cushion. **Reduced from £11 17 6 to £9 17 6**

Hamptons' No. C5. **12 Stuff-over Easy Chairs,** upholstered fibre and hair. Covered with tapestry and velour, loose feather seat cushion. **Reduced from £8 7 6 to £7 7 6**

Hamptons' No. C6. **6 Stuff-over Settees,** upholstered fibre and hair. Adjustable ends. Covered with tapestry and velour, 2 loose feather seat cushions. 4 ft. 6 ins. wide. **Reduced from £15 18 6 to £14 2 6**

Seamless Axminster CARPETS

ALL THE CARPETS IN THIS LOT ARE GUARANTEED TO BE, WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, THE PRODUCTS OF THE FINEST BRITISH MANUFACTURERS ONLY.

Those illustrated herewith are typical examples of the designs available and, as the quotations show, the reductions are exceptionally great. There is a great variety of sizes, a few of which are as follows:

ft.	in.		ft.	in.	Reduced from £	s.	d.	to £	s.	d.
6	0	×	6	0	2	18	0	**2**	**2**	**0**
7	6	×	6	0	3	12	6	**2**	**12**	**6**
7	6	×	7	6	4	10	9	**3**	**5**	**9**
9	0	×	6	0	4	7	0	**3**	**3**	**0**
9	0	×	7	6	5	8	9	**3**	**18**	**9**
9	0	×	9	0	6	10	6	**4**	**14**	**6**
10	6	×	6	0	5	1	6	**3**	**13**	**6**
10	6	×	7	6	6	7	0	**4**	**12**	**0**
10	6	×	9	0	7	12	3	**5**	**10**	**3**
10	6	×	10	6	8	17	9	**6**	**8**	**9**
12	0	×	6	0	5	16	0	**4**	**4**	**0**
12	0	×	7	6	7	5	0	**5**	**5**	**0**
12	0	×	9	0	8	14	0	**6**	**6**	**0**
12	0	×	10	6	10	3	0	**7**	**7**	**0**
12	0	×	12	0	11	12	0	**8**	**8**	**0**
13	6	×	9	0	9	15	9	**7**	**1**	**9**
13	6	×	10	6	11	8	6	**8**	**5**	**6**
13	6	×	12	0	13	1	0	**9**	**9**	**0**
15	0	×	12	0	14	10	0	**10**	**10**	**0**
15	0	×	13	6	16	6	3	**11**	**16**	**3**
16	6	×	12	0	15	19	0	**11**	**11**	**0**
16	6	×	13	6	17	19	0	**12**	**19**	**9**

The designs illustrated are available in all the popular sizes, and also in most of the other sizes quoted.

HAMPTONS' SEAMLESS AXMINSTER CARPETS

Lot 797. 75 Bargains in EXTRA FINE FANCY TURKEY CARPETS

The carpets in this lot are all of the same high standard as are sold by Hamptons all the year round. There is a good variety of designs—typical examples of which are illustrated above—also a good variety of colourings. A number of the sizes available, together with the unusually great reductions made, are quoted below.

ft.	in.		ft.	in.	Reduced from £	s.	d.	to £	s.	d.
8	7	×	5	11	11	3	6	**7**	**10**	**0**
9	5	×	6	11	14	6	0	**9**	**12**	**0**
10	0	×	6	11	15	4	0	**10**	**4**	**0**
10	7	×	7	10	18	4	6	**12**	**4**	**0**
11	1	×	8	2	19	17	0	**13**	**6**	**6**
11	4	×	8	5	20	3	0	**14**	**1**	**0**
11	7	×	12	0	30	10	6	**20**	**9**	**6**
11	8	×	10	6	26	18	0	**18**	**1**	**6**
13	1	×	10	4	29	13	6	**19**	**18**	**0**
13	2	×	9	2	26	10	0	**18**	**1**	**6**
13	9	×	12	3	36	19	6	**24**	**16**	**6**
13	10	×	11	3	34	3	6	**22**	**18**	**6**
14	2	×	11	11	37	1	6	**24**	**17**	**6**
14	4	×	11	10	37	5	0	**25**	**0**	**0**
15	0	×	12	0	39	10	0	**26**	**10**	**0**
15	9	×	11	11	41	5	6	**27**	**13**	**0**
15	11	×	9	11	34	13	6	**23**	**5**	**0**
16	1	×	12	0	42	7	6	**28**	**8**	**6**
17	6	×	12	9	48	19	6	**32**	**17**	**6**
20	2	×	14	0	61	19	6	**41**	**11**	**6**

45,000 yards good quality CRETONNES AND LINENS

TO-DAY'S DESIGNS and COLOURINGS.

Hamptons' No. K1640. **1,000 yards of a good quality Cretonne,** as illustrated, also on a beige ground, with an orange scheme. *IDEAL FOR LOOSE COVERS.* 31 ins. wide. **Reduced from 2/6½ to 1/9½ per yard.**

Hamptons' No. K1647. **3,000 yards of finely woven linen-finished Printed Cotton.** A very interesting and useful design as illustrated; also on cream, primrose and jaspé grounds. (EXCLUSIVE PRODUCTION.) 50 ins. wide. *An exceptional bargain.* **Reduced from 4/6 to 3/3 per yard.**

10,000 yards of DOUBLE WIDTH PRINTED LINENS and CRETONNES

MANY at LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

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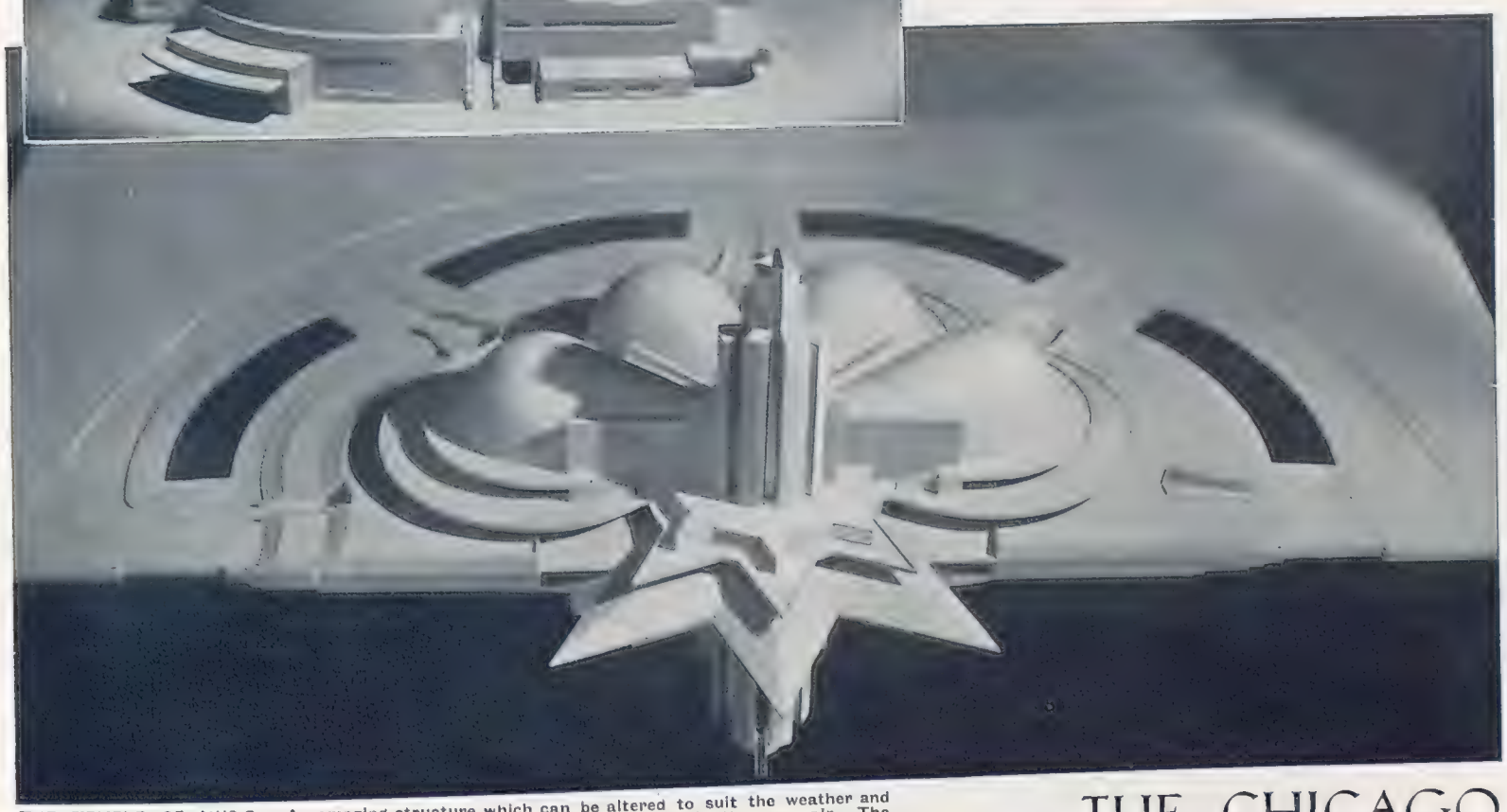
HOURS: 9 a.m. till 6.30 p.m.

'Phones: GERRARD 0030.

Futurism rampant

THE WATER PAGEANT THEATRE: One of the buildings it is proposed to erect for the Chicago World Fair in 1933. This open-air theatre, designed for water pageants, is built on a group of anchor barges in a lake, the stage and auditorium being separated by water. The auditorium is designed to seat 2,000 and there is also space for 500 canoes to hold three people each. There are three main aisles and landing docks and radiating piers supplying mooring space for 768 small boats. The canal between stage and stalls is 64 feet wide, at each end of which is a tower to control canoe traffic. The stage has many levels and surrounding the acting area is a water passage. The anchor barges may be locked together in various combinations. Flood lighting will be used. The whole structure is 468 feet long and 632 feet wide at the extreme points

THEATRE NUMBER FOURTEEN: A *Théâtre intime* designed on the principle of a boxing-ring. The stage is separated from the auditorium by steps. The scenery is set on two movable platforms in the basement, raised and lowered by hydraulic power. One platform is in use while the other is set—a moment only being needed to transpose the two platforms. The theatre seats 800 in six rows round the stage. There is no balcony. The auditorium is cut by eight transverse aisles and each row is a perimetrical aisle. Each seat is a top-price proposition. The lighting is invisible and is controlled by a single switchboard. *On Left:* THEATRE NUMBER SIX: A repertory theatre consisting of one large and one small theatre, a cabaret, a roof garden and a theatre for children. The large theatre seats 1700, the small 500. There are no transverse aisles and no balconies. There are no proscenia, orchestra, pits or footlights. The children's theatre holds 200 children and sixty adults

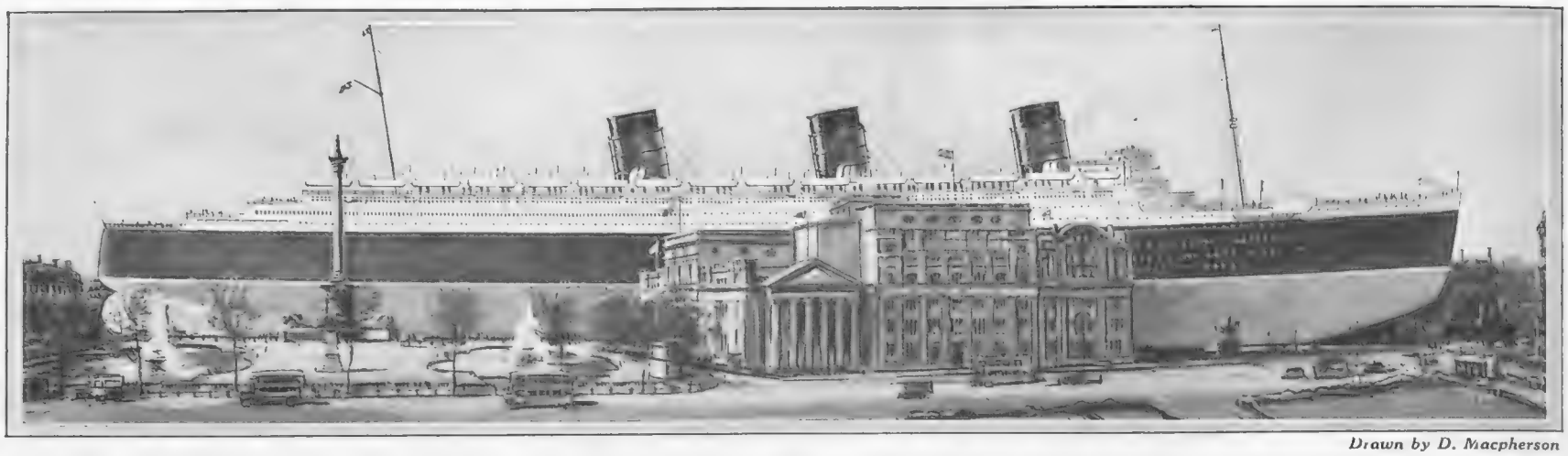


THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC: An amazing structure which can be altered to suit the weather and can accommodate audiences of various sizes, either under cover or in the open air. The auditorium can seat 10,000, and an orchestra of 200 pieces and a chorus of 600 can be housed. Each of the four sectional units is enclosed in its own dome, and the auditorium can be reduced to hold only 1,200 by means of movable partitions and portières. Each dome is designed so that, at will, it can be rolled back to render the theatre an amphitheatre. The central tower houses carillons, offices, dressing-rooms, and studios. In the basement is a parking space for 1,720 motor cars and four lines of traffic are intended. In addition there is exterior parking space. The stage is 160 ft. wide. The longitudinal axis of each of the four lobes of the orchestra is 228 ft. The main entrance terrace is 72 ft. wide. There are sound chambers under the stage where abstract sounds are made and magnified by a tubular system. Two buffets are set in the entrance foyer

THE CHICAGO WORLD FAIR of 1933

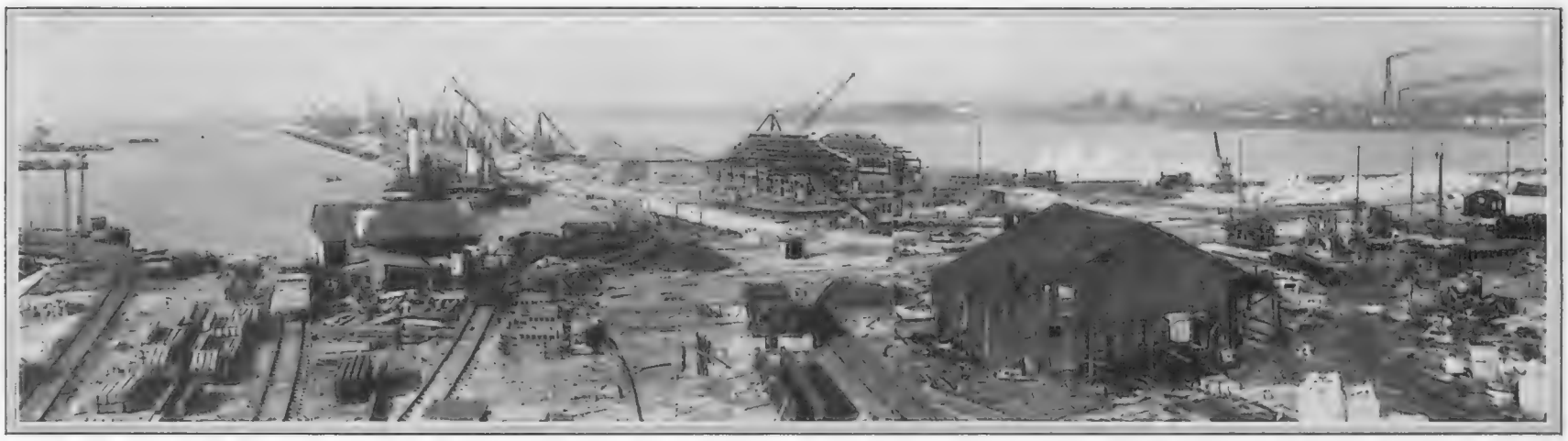
Astounding Theatres in Projection

MARINE ACHIEVEMENTS *of the* MODERN WORLD

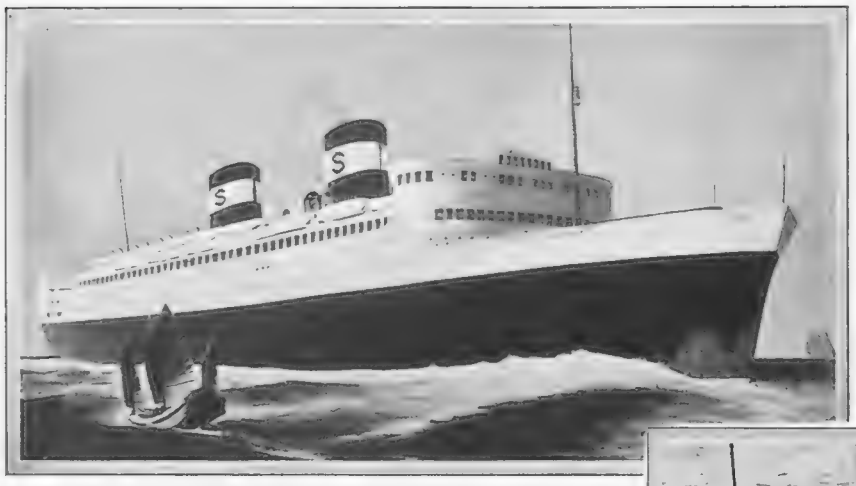


Drawn by D. Macpherson

DWARFING NELSON'S COLUMN: A comparative diagram showing the enormous dimensions of the new giant passenger vessel belonging to the Cunard Line superimposed on Trafalgar Square. The liner, which will be placed on the New York–Southampton Line, dwarfs by its great height the imposing building of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, transcending the height of the latter by no less than one-third. In order that the great bulk of the hull may be visible, the National Gallery roof is omitted. The ship being built by John Brown & Co., Ltd., of Clydebank, has a gross tonnage of 75,000, a length of 1,018 ft. and a capacity of 7,300,000 cubic ft. The River Clyde has to be widened and deepened at a cost of £79,000 to enable the vessel to be safely launched, and additional dry-dock accommodation is being arranged for at Southampton



SOUTHAMPTON PREPARES FOR BIG SHIPS AND BIG BUSINESS: The huge task of reclaiming 200 acres of mud-land from the River Test at Southampton in connection with the £13,000,000 dock extension scheme is now well in hand. A huge dredger is at work pumping 500,000 tons of clay, sand, and gravel into what is now a great lake, which will be transformed into dry land and dock piers



DOLLARS ON THE FUNNEL: The *President Hoover*, the first of the Dollar Steamship Line's two new £1,600,000 liners, christened by Mrs. Hoover with water collected from the Seven Seas

THE MERCANTILE MARINE OF GERMANY: The North German-Lloyd is putting the new *General von Steuben* on the North Atlantic service. She is also to make two trips to the West Indies

RAIN TO ORDER: The Anglo-American Oil Co.'s new motor-tanker, *Cheyenne*, has been fitted with artificial rain apparatus for cooling decks and cabins for the crew when passing through the tropics. The vessel has a capacity for carrying 3,450,000 gallons of motor spirit and oils, which can be discharged in less than twenty-four hours

A POSTMAN NAIANT! Scientists on "Tin Can Island" (Niuafou), in the Pacific, receive their mail from a swimming postman who picks up the kerosene tins filled with letters cast overboard by the mail steamers

A SHIP THAT SHATTERED THE PRIDE OF SPAIN: The latest addition to the collection of model ships in the Science Museum, South Kensington, is one of the great Elizabethan vessels. The model is 5 ft. in length and is fully equipped with sails stiffened to represent the bellying. The details on which the model is based were obtained from the Pepys MSS.

THE SCHOOLBOYS' EXHIBITION: One of the particular joys of this winter's holiday were the model ships at Olympia. Another popular stand was that of Imperial and International Communications from which cables were sent within the hall

THE VISIT TO THE CIRCUS: One of the great thrills at the Circus was that one moment of which is shown above. One acrobat stood on the ground while another balanced himself on one hand on the head of the first. The latter then walked up a ladder held in place by steel strands, with his colleague still poised precarious on his pate. The highest degree of skill and talent are required for such a feat

ASSISTING THE LECTURER: Professor A. M. Tyndall lecturing on electricity and the human body at the inauguration of the juvenile lectures at the Royal Institution, Albermarle Street—a popular and very valuable movement which at once amuses and instructs Master 1931

TREATS *for the* BOYS

in the Winter Holidays

The Circus, the Schoolboys' Exhibition and the Juvenile Lectures at the Royal Institution give the Young Idea Enjoyment and Instruction in the Holidays

A CHEERFUL BOOK *on* DEATH!

And the Habits of Travelling Readers

By CECIL ROBERTS

An enterprising bookmaker, of the literary variety, might compile a very interesting volume on reading in trains. I do not know whether Mr. Holbrook Jackson's encyclopædic treatise, *The Anatomy of Bibliomania*, will not yet deal with this aspect in a further volume. He has already treated of book-eaters and book-buriers. In these days, when every conceivable taste of the public is catered for, a publisher might well find an eager public for an "Edition des Wagons-Lits," the kind of books, not heavy, and pocketable, that one can read in one's berth. We have *Blue Guides*, why not a companion to this series of Blue Train books?

These thoughts are provoked by my travelling companions, bound, like myself, for the Riviera. I suffer from an insatiable curiosity concerning the books read by other people. If I meet a friend carrying a book my conversation is a little vacant until I have mastered the reverse spelling of the title and satisfied my curiosity. There are people—incredibly rich people in my eyes—who travel with bundles of new books—novels on the leash as it were. On one highly memorable occasion I was overcome by the discovery that my own name was thus leashed.

All my life I have wondered if ever I should encounter a member of that mysterious, invisible public which reads, even if it does not buy, one's books. I know a famous novelist who carried a fivepound note in his pocket with the intention of presenting it as a prize to the first person he encountered reading his new novel. After many years, in an Underground train, he found the lucky fellow. But the prize-winner, convinced that he had encountered a knave attempting some confidence trick, flatly refused the note, which was dropping to pieces with the wear of years. When the novelist explained that he was the author of the book in the man's hand, the disbelieving owner retorted "Yes, you look like it!" and declined any further conversation.

My own experience was equally humiliating. After much hesitation I contrived to start a conversation with the lady who carried me in her leash. Finally, and with diffidence, I approached the point. I suggested that she was a great reader, to which she agreed. Then, before declaring my own identity, I remarked how unusual it was, and cheering, to meet someone who not only read novels but bought them. "Oh, but I don't buy them!" came the eager confession. "I'd never dream of *buying* novels, you see, I review them!" I sank back in my seat in silence.

Nowadays I, too, can be seen with a leashful similarly acquired and can enjoy the gleam in the inquisitive eyes of my fellows. When, therefore, the porter, preceding me with a leashful of books, deposited them on the table of the Pullman at Victoria, I anticipated the hungry looks that would be turned my way. I was not wrong. Indeed, when I arrived at my seat, a vicar, quite overcome by curiosity, was already turning them over. He sank back with profuse apologies. I could well understand his offence. And he had suffered undue provocation. The top book, fittingly clad in a black wrapper, was entitled, *The Art of Dying*. It is a poor workman who will ignore his text-books.

Despite its title this book is cheerful reading (Hogarth Press. 5s.). The editors, Messrs. Francis Birrell and F. L. Lucas have made a collection of the last words of many famous men and women. They have rightly arranged them in chronological order, for death, like all other things, has its fashions. We quit the stage very much *à la mode;* Socrates and Diogenes with irony, the Romans with brevity, the Reformers with exhortations. "The searcher of biographies gains the impression that the typical Victorian departed in a pompous stupor" observes Mr. Lucas, "while serried ranks of children and grandchildren sang 'O God, our help in ages past' all round the bed."

Perhaps the most dignified age of dying was that of the society of the eighteenth century, "which saw life as a salon, not, like the Middle Ages, as a church, nor, like the nineteenth century, as a factory or a reformatory." How well the old Greeks went forth from off this mortal coil, whether it be Socrates, B.C. 399, with his offering of a cock to Asclepios, the usual thank-offering for recovery from disease—in this case the disease of life: or Pluto with his proud affirmation—"I thank the guiding providence and fortune of my life, first, that I was born a man and a Greek, not a barbarian or a brute; and next, that I happened to live in the age of Socrates." Even Petronius found a little dignity in death. How he must have enjoyed spiting Nero, who had commanded it, for he broke the valuable pieces of pottery on which he knew the Emperor's heart was set. If Nero really said, "Qualis artifex pereo!" ("What an artist dies in me"), then he was, to the last, a consistent egotist. All the despair of Abélard is summed up in "Je ne sais," and we get a glimpse of another Machiavelli in his confession, "Amo la mia patria più dell' anima." The fate of Anne Boleyn seems sadder for those gay words on the eve of her execution when, putting her hands round her neck and laughing merrily she said, "I heard say the executioner was very good, and I have a little neck." On the block the sword broke into her last entreaty, "O God, have pity ——".

Public death called for dignity among the great. I well remember a story told me by Mlle de Luynes before the portrait of three children, her ancestresses, confined in the Tour du Temple to await execution. Every morning their mother made the poor tots climb a chair and table, so that with grace they should perform their last ascent to the scaffold. Magnificence of spirit flames in the retort of Algernon Sidney to his executioner's question, "Will you rise again? Are you ready, sir?" "Not till the general resurrection. Strike on."

There is a statue in Venice bearing an inscription which immortalises the last words of one of the greatest Venetians. Fra Paolo Sarpi, one of the few mediæval adversaries of the Pope to revive the assassin's dagger and to bring Venice triumphantly through a conflict with the Vatican, died with the words "Esto perpetua!" on his lips—"Let her endure for ever!" They have done well to place these words on his statue and they are worthy of a place in this anthology. Twenty-six years later, Charles I, mounting the scaffold, turned to Bishop Juxon and said, "Remember." It is perhaps the briefest speech on record of a doomed monarch. The second Charles's words reflect at once the flippancy and gallantry of a later age. "I have been a most unconscionable time a-dying; but I hope you will excuse it"; thus the courtier. Then to James: "Do not, do not let poor Nelly starve"; thus the lover. Finally, as life ebbed, "Open the curtains that I may once more see daylight."

Another statue, equally impressive, is that which stands in New York, in Battery Park I believe. It is of Captain Nathan Hale. I was somewhat disconcerted to read, while admiring the statue, that he was hanged in 1776 by the British Army for espionage. His last words were "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," which might well stand for any soldier's motto.

I put down *The Art of Dying* when I had reached these eighteenth-century examples, not from lack of interest, but from lack of light, which had almost failed in my berth as the train halted at Laon. The bright sunshine of a Provençal morning awakened me at Avignon, the most tantalising of all stations, for situated in one of the most picturesque cities of France, with its bridge and vast palace of the Popes, it affords not a single glimpse of any interest to the southern-bound tourist. Fittingly enough on again taking up my book in the morning light—if there is one thing better than reading in bed at night, it is reading in bed in the morning—it opened on the last words of Pope Gregory VII: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." What, I wondered, were the last words of others who had lived in this city of the exiled Popes, of Petrarch and Laura, of John Stuart Mill, who died and was buried here in 1873? But there is nothing in this book, which would be better with an index, concerning the lovely Laura, first seen in a church here by Petrarch in 1327. Did she die, I wonder, quoting her lover's immortal *Canzoniére?*

It will be thought singular, perhaps, when I say that *The Art of Dying* is one of the most entertaining little books I have read for some time. It was a novel idea of the authors, but I wish they had taken more time and made a wider investigation. Most of these last words are in keeping with the lives they closed. Who was the French lady of the old regime who, on her confessor's complaint, that her lover's coach still haunted the door, retorted, "Mon père, you have made me happy. I thought myself forgotten!" That expressed the spirit of the age. The declaration of Casanova "I have lived as a philosopher, I die as a Christian," seems in violent contradiction to the habits of a lifetime. It would be interesting to know whether La Rochefoucauld lost his habitual cynicism at the last moment and died with faith in God and man. The whole of Turner's art was expressed in "the sun, my dear, the sun is God." There are many characteristic sayings in this book, but none surpasses Disraeli's comment on a proposed visit from the Queen. "Why should I see her? She will only want to give a message to Albert." That, surely, is fit to rank with Wilde's famous reply when told the cost of an operation, "Ah, that would be dying beyond my means!"

Just before reaching Marseilles I finished the book, and carried it with me along to the restaurant car. The morning sun burnished the blue Mediterranean. We ran in and out of rock tunnels and, as I sat wondering whether there was fog in London and whether it could really be true that twenty hours before I had watched the grey gloom of a wintry afternoon obscure the English cliffs, my inquisitive clergyman of the Pullman car came and took the seat opposite.

I immediately presented to him *The Art of Dying* for which he thanked me profusely. But this act started a train of reminiscences the like of which I hope never to hear again. He was a specialist in deathbeds, and while eating his omelette gave me the fruit of forty years' experience. Never once, he told me with a melancholy note, had he heard a witty saying fall from the lips of the dying. When I informed him he would find plenty in the book I had given him he said, "I don't believe it. These brilliant last words are always inventions of the biographers." I recalled, in support of this, the traditional last words of Pitt, "O my country! How I leave my country!" and the more accepted version, "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies." My friend agreed that the second version was the more probable.

At Cannes we parted. My last vision of the gloomy vicar was of his being borne away in one of those funereal coaches with which the hotels collect their guests. I hope with the reviving effect of sunshine, and the general brightness of this book, he has achieved a more cheerful outlook on death. But I shall never know. Meanwhile, with the blue Esterelles rising across the bay, above a garden where the palms lift their green faces to the azure sky, I sit on a verandah with another book taken from the leash. It is R. H. Mottram's *The New Providence* (Chatto and Windus. 2s.) which, in size and length, would make an admirable contribution to my Wagons-Lits Edition. It is a slight but well-told story of two sisters in domestic service and of two bank clerks, one irritatingly righteous, the other vain and loose. Virtue is rewarded, but Mr. Mottram contrives to make virtue in this case an odious asset, and all my sympathies go to Passley, the cashier, who has been caught by Prosser, the preacher at the New Providence chapel. The last words of Mr. Prosser would be, surely, "I am going to my reward." He would present his account as neatly as at the bank.

Books worthy of serious consideration

The Andrée Diaries (The Bodley Head. 21s. net).—This fascinating volume is the authorised translation from the Swedish Edition, by Edward Adams-Ray, and presents to the world the diaries, records, and memoranda of the polar aerial pioneer and his two companions, the mystery of whose fate was solved, after 33 years of oblivion, last summer.

The Inky Way, by *Mrs. C. N. Williamson* (Chapman & Hall. 18s. net).—This autobiography of the famous writer of novels of mystery and sentiment abounds in anecdote of personalities as diverse as the late King Edward VII and Sir Arthur Pearson, Northcliffe and "Labby." Definitely one of the more amusing—and in no way unpleasant—volumes of reminiscences.

Pioneer, Soldier and Politician (Samson Low. 8s. 6d. net).—The thrilling life of Colonel Sir David Harris told by himself. General Smuts has considered the book of sufficient importance to contribute a foreword thereto. As a record of personality and activity in South Africa the volume has immense value.

An Introduction to Persian Art by *A. U. Pope* (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d. net).—A volume valuable at any time but especially at the moment in view of the Exhibition now at Burlington House. The period covered begins at the seventh Century of our era. Mr. Pope is the Honorary Adviser in Arts to the Persian Government so that the authenticity of the book is unquestioned.

Recollections of a Bulgarian Diplomat's Wife by *Anna Stancioff née Comtesse de Grenaud.* (Hutchinson. 18s. net).—This volume recounts the inside history of the Balkans between the years 1887 and 1915—the author thus witnessing the first steps of the autonomous Bulgaria freed from Turkish dominion. A lady-in-waiting to Princess Clémentine of Orléans, the Countess de Grenaud married M. Dmitri Stancioff who represented his country in Bucharest, Vienna, Petersburg, Paris, Rome, and London. The great figures of state and royalty live anew in the author's brilliantly written pages.

ART *of the* ORIENT

The Brilliant Eastern Portraiture of Roland Strasser and Gems from the Persian Art Exhibition at the R.A.

THE FOCAL POINT OF THE PERSIAN ART EXHIBITION: The model of the Masjid-i-Shah, the Royal Mosque of Isfahan, one third the size of the original. One thousand pieces were needed to achieve this reproduction and were brought from Isfahan where they were made under the supervision of Abbas Khan. The structure has been supervised by Mr. Arnold Silcock, F.R.I.B.A., architect of the Exhibition. Black glass gives the effect of the pool before the entrance

CHINESE GIRL: A brilliant impressionistic study by Roland Strasser of a type common in its own land. The top right-hand picture on this page shows another example of his work, entitled *Chinaman in a Winter Coat*. Mr. Strasser held a one-man show at the Paterson Galleries, Old Bond Street, with marked success and, following the publication of his book, *Mongolian Horde* (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d.), is holding another. His representations of the types of Asia have in them all the stoic tragedy of that continent

A GIRL WITH A TAMBOURINE: One of the few oil paintings in the Exhibition of Persian Art. The canvas, lent by Sir Charles Marling, dates back to the XVIII-XIXth century. This is one of the few examples of feminine representation in the Exhibition

FATH 'ALI SHAH: An oil painting signed Ghulam Asad 1230 (?) This date is of course, calculated from the Hejira and in our calendar would be 1815, the year of Waterloo. It is a large canvas, measuring 240 by 126 centimetres inside the frame. It has been lent (as has that reproduced on the left) by Sir Charles Marling

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

HENRY SHEREK *reviews* THE NEW YORK STAGE

Before going into the details of the seven shows I managed to see during my four days in New York, I noticed that the unpleasant salaciousness which I had noticed on previous visits has increased considerably. Some of the legitimate plays and most of the musical shows are only just fit for the club smoking-room.

Curiously enough the two biggest successes are fit to be seen by a young girl of sixteen. I refer to *Grand Hotel* and *Once in a Lifetime*. The former is an adaptation of Vicki Baum's *Best Seller*, and the adaptation would have been impossible without a revolving stage. The adapter has made a good job of it, although after the enthusiastic accounts I had heard of the play and having read and enjoyed the book I was slightly disappointed. There are innumerable scenes, all of very short duration, and the play is episodic in the extreme. This makes for speed, which is so essential for a New York success, but I think will be a deterrent in London, as those members of the audience who have not read the book will find it difficult to follow the action. Some of the scenes take place in the lobby of the hotel, which is crowded with people, and it is sometimes not easy to notice which of the characters is actually speaking the short staccato sentences. The adapter has made one or two alterations, cutting out a bedroom scene in which a beautifully written love scene takes place, although later in the play he has left in a scene in a bedroom which is unpleasant. The play is, with one exception, excellently cast. The main female rôle is taken by a Russian named Eugenie Leontovich, whose first appearance in New York in *Grand Hotel* has stamped her as an acting genius. She has for years been playing in the provinces, and although whispers of her prowess had reached Broadway, a suitable part had not been found for her until this rôle, which fits her like a glove. The main male part is taken by Henry Hull, which weakens the play considerably, as he never conveys the impression of a dashing Uhlan officer. I remember seeing him play the part of a negro in a play called *Lulu Belle*, and he played the part of the bold, bad baron exactly as he had previously depicted a negro, which, of course, does not suit his present rôle. The show is an enormous hit, and one cannot get seats for weeks, although curiously enough it was only a moderate success in Berlin, the town of its origin.

The other big success in New York is a comedy farce called *Once in a Lifetime*, which is a glorious burlesque on the way talking pictures are made in Hollywood. It shows off the crass stupidity of some of the Hollywood Moguls and is full of most amusing situations.

I called attention to this play some weeks ago in these columns, and I certainly think it is the funniest show I have seen for many a long day. I hope it will be put on in London, as, although the ways and machinations of the people responsible for the entertainment of the masses is not very well known on our side, the play is so humorous that I think it would be a success on its merits alone. It shows the presentation of a solid gold dinner service of one-hundred-and-six pieces with his initials in diamonds to a director who has just completed making a picture. After the presentation they find out that he has directed the wrong scenario, as he had picked up in error one that had been made in 1910. However, the film is shown, and hailed as a great masterpiece, as it leaves out all the ingredients of a modern talkie, such as gangsters, cabarets, behind the scenes, etc. The seemingly impossible occurs, but yet I understand that none of the incidents portrayed in these plays have not taken place at that paradise of seemingly arch-muddlers—Hollywood.

The only other straight play I saw was called *Oh, Promise Me*, which is a very amusing farce, but which I am afraid will not be produced in England unless the post of Lord Chamberlain is abolished, and then it would not be a success, as it is extremely *risqué* in theme.

Of musical shows the most popular is a revue called *Three's a Crowd*.

Last year there was put on in New York a revue called *The Little Show*, which turned out to be an unexpected success. The three principals in this show were Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. This season they decided to launch out on their own, and although their previous management put on a second *Little Show*, it was not a success in spite of Al Trahan, who is now in *Folly to be Wise*, being its principal comedian.

Three's a Crowd is enormously funny, most artistically presented and a great success. The big song hit is "Body and Soul." Curiously enough, this was published in America one or two years ago and no notice taken of it. It was, however, taken up in England principally by Jack Hylton, and turned into a very popular song. Libby Holman was over in Europe last summer, heard it, and took it back to America for inclusion in her show, and it is now played just as much in New York as it was a year ago in London.

Clifton Webb, who models himself rather on Jack Buchanan, is better than I have ever seen him, whether as comedian or dancer. He does a screamingly funny burlesque of the ubiquitous Rudy Vallée. Most of the sketches could not be done in England, but they are all very funny and have the great quality of brevity. The shortness of every scene is one of the strong points of the show, and is something which our own producers would do well to imitate. The revue runs about the same time as is habitual in London, and yet twenty-five scenes are shown during the two-and-half hours.

The trouble with revues in this country is that if a sketch has a funny idea it is drawn out so that the audience get bored with it; also, the Americans concentrate on always having a funny finish to every sketch, after which the lights are turned out, and in what appears to be little more than ten seconds all the lights are flashed on again to display crowds of pretty girls dancing and shouting all over the place.

Last season I noticed that most of the young ladies in American musical comedies danced with every part of their bodies excepting their feet. This year I noticed that they concentrate entirely on their hips, which is extremely unpleasant. This type of dancing was done last year by the negroes in Harlem, which suited them much better than it does their white sisters who are now emulating them in salacious movements.

Miss Holman, who made a big hit last year, is disappointing, but altogether *Three's a Crowd* is a marvellously amusing, if not instructive, entertainment of the sophisticated sort.

Some years ago there was a very popular juggling act on the music halls, both in America and England, performed by W. C. Fields. He got just as far as he possibly could as a juggler, so he decided he would become a comedian, at which he has been very successful for some time, and he has also made a few talking pictures. He is now being starred in a new show called *Ballyhoo*, where he performs some of his old juggling tricks, but was not so successful when he tried to be funny as it was difficult to understand what he said. The show is quite a spectacular production, but suffers from an indifferent score and a worse book.

Whenever American producers do not know what to put on whilst the scene is being changed, they find some uninteresting looking young man to do some interminable tap-dancing. In the case of *Ballyhoo* the management found three gentlemen to do this, and to make matters worse, they found four even less interesting gentlemen to come on and perform what is known as harmony singing at any given moment. They were so confidential about it that it sounded like a talking picture when the recording apparatus has gone wrong and ceased to function.

I was very much impressed by Janet Reade, whom I saw take somebody else's place last year in *Whoopee*, the film of which has had such a big success at the Tivoli, London.

Girl Crazy, one of the most successful of the musical shows, is a good example of the best type of fast American musical comedy. An extremely good score by George Gershwin, coupled with a book which is not quite as banal as the stories usually unfolded in plays of this description, combined with an excellent cast to make an evening pass away very merrily.

The story is of a wealthy young New Yorker who is sent to the wilds of Arizona by a parent to get him out of mischief. He decides to bring the mischief out to Arizona, and turns the ranch which he is supposed to supervise into a very attractive night-club filled with masses of attractive girls and marcelled cowboys in silk shirts.

It is almost sure that this show will be seen in London and should prove a big success. I prophesy that the two songs in it called "I've got Rhythm" and "Embraceable You" will be played in every Temple of Terpsichore in these Fair Isles.

The male lead is played by Allen Kearns, who appeared over here some years ago with Fred and Adèle Astaire, whose show, incidentally called *Smiles* at the Ziegfeld Theatre, is not a success in spite of Marilyn Miller being in it as well as these excellent artistes.

Reverting to *Girl Crazy*, the female lead is played by Ginger Rogers, who is well-known in talking pictures and is extremely attractive, and sings and dances nicely. There are two comedians, Willie Howard, an extremely funny Jewish laugh provoker, and William Kent, who was also in London some years ago with the Astaires.

The mantle of Elijah Ziegfeld has fallen on Elisha Carroll, as, since Ziegfeld has given up producing spectacular revues to concentrate upon musical-comedies, Earl Carroll has endeavoured to corner all the beautiful girls in the world, and although he could, of course, not get them all, he has certainly concentrated some of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen on one stage. He has surrounded them by a big spectacular show, the principal comedian of which is an artiste who was in London some two years ago in Archibald de Bear's *Many Happy Returns*, when he was acclaimed by one enthusiastic editor as being the funniest man in the world. His name is Herbert Williams, who repeats his London success in New York in this revue which is called *Vanities*. He not only does his own variety act, but also plays characters right through the show. He is aided and abetted by two other well-known comedians named Jimmy Savo, whom I found most unfunny, and Jack Benny, whom I remember seeing in a talkie called *Hollywood Revue*, and who has great poise and sense of comedy. The revue has nothing very original excepting the usual collection of dirty sketches, and caters principally for the visitor from the suburbs and the provinces.

Altogether I found the American Theatre to be slightly less virile than in previous seasons, as there is all-round consternation because of the business depression. We have had bad times for some years and are getting almost used to it, but after a long period of great prosperity the sudden depression has made the American theatrical managers afraid to take chances. Some of the best shows are doing enormous business, but other plays which would have had a moderate run during the prosperous seasons are now taken off after only a few weeks.

The only way to fight this is by reducing the prices of seats. At present twenty-seven shillings is being charged in New York for the big musical shows for a seat in the stalls, and thirteen-and-six for straight plays. In the case of shows which are playing to packed houses it is impossible to get seats from the theatre box-office, and the theatre-goer has to go to ticket speculators who buy up all the seats and then make an exorbitant profit. I have known cases of as much as three pounds being asked and received by these leeches for a stall. The managers will only be able to lower these prices if they can reduce the rental of the theatres and the salaries earned by the actors, which will possibly eventuate if the depression continues and many theatres have to be closed. Those actors who will not be able to fill in their time by working in talking pictures will have to accept lower salaries, and the proprietors of the theatres will be forced to rent their houses at a smaller figure to obviate their being closed, when they would, of course, be earning nothing.

A PLAYGROUND IN THE SKIES! One famous rallying place of New York's smart set—the "Cascades," the ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel. It will be noted that dinner-jackets are de rigueur *but even a lounge suit is not taboo*

A TRIUMPH *of the* CUTTING-ROOM

The Chimpanzee Actors Recently at the Leicester Square Theatre : A New Chaplin Film

DRINK, LOVE, AND DEATH : The chimpanzee actors in "Little Covered Wagons." With incredible ingenuity pictures have been joined together to make a story, the dialogue of which has been superimposed on the film, each line fitting the simian expression reproduced. This is done in the cutting-room and is a triumph of the film Editor's art

THE GREATEST COMEDIAN IN THE WORLD : Charles Chaplin with his new "creation," Virginia Cherrill, in the new picture, City Lights. Miss Cherrill plays a blind girl, true to the Chaplin tradition of embroidering his farce on a background of tragedy

"THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME STRAIGHT SHOOTING HERE TO-DAY. SO YOU SAY!" A brilliant example of the manner in which the dialogue in the chimpanzee film has been fitted to the expressions on the "actors'" faces. The contemptuous incredulity registered on the left is just suited to the phrase "So you say!

THE VANITY OF A SCREEN STAR : One of the most amusing moments recorded by the Gaumont - Tiffany Talking Chimps, who have sprung into fame

"IS ZAT SO" : One of the talking chimpanzees has a telephonic conversation—the verisimilitude of which, in word and expression, is a triumph of the cutting-room

THE WIDOW AND THE LAW : Gloria Swanson and Owen Moore in What a Widow, at the New Gallery—an Allan Dwan production written by Josephine Lovette. Miss Swanson as the widow of the title-rôle discharges, before going to Paris to relieve her ennui, Mr. Moore, who has been her solicitor—an action he furiously resents

WOMEN

A Quintette of Personalities Prominent in Woman's World

THE RICHEST CHILD IN HUNGARY: Little Ursula de Lukacs, the "five-year-old fairy godmother," who forwarded to the Charity Commissioners in Budapest 250 toys to be distributed among boys and girls of her own age in hospital over Christmas. As there was only one five-year-old child patient 249 toys were left on her hands

BLAZING A TRAIL: Miss Delphine Reynolds, daughter of Sir James and Lady Reynolds, is to leave shortly for a flight to the Cape via what she hopes will be a new commercial air-route. Her father, M.P. for Liverpool, has given her a new 'plane for the trip

ARISTOCRATIC ARBITERS OF FASHION: The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who has just completed her first year as a fashion designer in America, puts the finishing touches to an evening gown in black faille. *Inset above* is the Baronness D'Etreillis of Paris displaying at a great fashion soirée in New York an exquisite creation in taffeta and écru lace

POLAND'S JOAN OF ARC: Lieutenant Sophie Slepolvron de Nowosielaka, the organizer and commander of the famous Battalion of Death, the famous cohort which fought side by side with the regulars to save Poland from worse than partition when the Russians invaded the country after the War, is lecturing in America. She is seen above in San Francisco

WHITE WINGS ON THE WATER: A yachting scene on Swan River, Western Australia

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

IN AUSTRALIA—Now

Depressions come and go, and serious men brood over exchange problems and commodity prices, but you don't let it get you down as they say in Australia. For one thing, the climate is against it. Gloom to your heart's content under the leaden skies and the frosts and fogs of a northern January, but here, where the sunshine pours that Mark Tapley feeling into your very vitals, while all the fun of the great outdoors is yours for the asking, you punch depression into some dark corner, grab your surf-board, and dash off to the beach.

Right down from the north, along that wonderful strip of sand between Brisbane and Cooloongatta, where the Pacific breaks in long, sweeping rollers; at gay Manly or Bondi, where one sits in jazz beach pyjamas under the shade of the Spanish mission pavilion and drinks coffee; dotted about Victoria's famous ninety-mile beach and at fashionable Lorne, west of Melbourne, where one comes straight out of the sea to the tennis courts; at Victor Harbour, where Adelaide's water-babies play; right to Cottesloe and old-world Rottnest in the far west, Australia's youth and beauty — everybody's young, and all the girls are beautiful in the Sunny Continent—is disporting itself along the 12,000 miles of sea front with its guests for the season. World touring men and women, bankers, motor people, and lawyers from the States, furlough and short-leave men from India, New Zealanders, pink and white Englishmen with peeling shoulders are all vieing with Australia's bronzed youngsters, whose magnificent physique stamps them anywhere in the national pastime of surfing.

Surf clubs are parading in full force every Saturday to compete with each other in life-saving championships. Magnificent specimens are some of these young men and maidens—Greek to the last curve. They, of course, are more responsible for learn-to-swim movements and what rescuing of inexperienced or foolhardy bathers is necessary. All their beach patrolling is purely voluntary, and they take it in turns.

"THE LOVELIEST HARBOUR IN THE WORLD": A sunset impression of Sydney which (*pace* Rio!) claims with justice this proud title. In the background is the new bridge

DOWN TO THE SEA IN—*SHORTS*: Winter sports are water sports in Australia! A cheery crowd of bathers, in the poly-chromatic costumes they favour "down-under," head for the beach

But everybody isn't on the beach. On the scintillating expanse of Sydney's incomparable harbour white wings are wheeling and tacking for the yachting championship of the two States, and Murray Bridge and Launceston and all sorts of places, where yachts and cutters and speed-boats and dinghies gather together, are following up with brave regattas, and making social functions of them in the easy, care-free way of Australia.

The little white ball is being teed up on a thousand greens. Away up at the guest house on Mount Koscuisco in the Australian Alps where the air makes one feel like a thousand-yard drive, they are running a golf carnival. "Kozzy," as they familiarize it, is almost as popular at this time of year as it is in the July and August winter sports season. Apart from the glorious air there is something fascinating about these alpine heights with their bush-clad slopes that glint blue and brown and purple in the changing lights. And the guest-house dancing at night is excellent fun.

Cricket, tennis, and the lure of the bush are taking people here, there, and everywhere. Travel is easy and comfortable in these days of fast expresses, service-cars, and 'planes. One can fly from Sydney to Brisbane and back in a day now, and one can get into all kinds of formerly inaccessible places by 'plane for good buffalo and crocodile shooting. Up north they are trying out the new sport of shooting wild turkeys from the air.

Polo temporarily occupies one of the Melbourne race-courses in January, when various station teams play off for the Lord Somers' Cup. Up-country, picnic races are on at intervals. There is no social gathering so essentially Australian as the picnic race-meeting, where everybody knows everybody else, and where you can boil your billy for lunch if you want to. Nothing is quite so delightfully informal and yet so thoroughly sporting. Even at the larger and more organized January meetings for the Hobart and Launceston Cups that sense of informality exists to a degree. The Australian takes his sport neither sadly nor stiffly.

Tasmania's Great Lake where you can get some of the finest trout-fishing in the world is a great attraction just now. It is no extraordinary feat for an experienced rodman to take two or three ten- or eleven-pounders before breakfast. The lake breeds a curious shrimp, the paranaspides, which has never been found elsewhere, and which has extraordinarily marked nutritive properties for trout. The fish, which feed voraciously on these shrimps, grow very large. The record trout taken from the lake in 1897 weighed 25½ lb. And now you find fishermen from all over the world there with wet and dry flies trying to get a bigger one.

No depression can detract from Australia as a sporting country. As Mr. Vyvyan Harmsworth of *The Daily Mail* put it after a holiday there some time back: "It should be better known as a sportsman's paradise."

"Anglaustralis"

NATURE IN MAJESTIC MOOD: A gay gathering of holiday-makers in the Grampian Mountains, Victoria. The granite cliffs and thickly wooded slopes rival the charms of any similar European resort

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

The WORLD of WOMEN

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

DINING-ROOMS *for* DIFFERENT MOODS

Nowadays dining-rooms may be furnished to suit almost any taste or temperament. Never before in the history of interior decoration have so many styles enjoyed simultaneous popularity.

If you want something luxurious yet homelike you will probably choose eighteenth-century mahogany with its exquisitely-shaped chairs and sideboards. This setting harmonizes perfectly with an expansive after-dinner mood, when silken curtains are drawn, and the flicker of the firelight plays on the satin surface of the old dining-table.

If you prefer something simpler you will be attracted to the cottage type of dining-room, where the furnishings are of lighter woods in their natural state, or merely waxed. The shops show any number of delightful pieces, designed to meet this particular need, by some of the best English craftsmen.

Perhaps you aspire to be in the forefront of fashion. A great variety of novel colour schemes and new types of furniture will clamour for your attention. Do you favour labour-saving ideas? Then you may incline towards aluminium topped tables and chairs made of steel tubing. Or do you want something less Spartan? In that case there are plenty of pieces made of beautiful exotic woods. They are often surprisingly practical in spite of the originality of their forms. Surrounded as we are by this superabundance of styles it is hard to remember that our early ancestors had no choice but oak furniture. This period lasted so long that when walnut came into fashion at the end of the seventeenth century people must have been glad to discard their heirlooms, if only for the sake of a change.

The silky polish and exquisite graining of walnut was essentially suited to the more elaborate type of furniture which was fast coming into favour. For reason, it is supposed, of economy, "veneering" now became general, and this in its turn gave place to marquetry and lacquer work.

During the eighteenth century dining-room furniture improved greatly in comfort and convenience. Nothing since has equalled the exquisite proportions of the Adams and Sheraton sideboards. Such interesting adjuncts as cellarettes on stands and inlaid knife-boxes came into being.

The Victorians were apparently intolerant of anything besides their own heavy furniture, relegating earlier pieces to attic or basement. The mere sight of their ponderous mahogany dining-tables and sideboards evokes a picture of long Sunday dinners, served in rooms with red-papered walls, and windows with looped-back fringed curtains.

To-day there is such eclecticism in decoration that even a Victorian revival causes no protest. It exists peacefully side by side with dining-rooms of all conceivable types—"period" rooms of all descriptions and those composite medleys which are the choice of so many people.

The illustration on the left shows a dining-room in which the simple oak furniture is happy against a gay setting of cream coloured walls and brightly patterned curtains. Another is a typical example of the charm of a modern room. Here the furniture is of walnut and macassar ebony wood.

There is nothing very elaborate about this dining-room with its eighteenth-century furniture. Yet the beauty of the mahogany and the delightful proportions of all the pieces give it an undeniable air of richness and distinction

Light-coloured walls and gaily-patterned curtains are just what is needed as a setting for this dining-room furniture, which was designed by Edward Barnsley. It is in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Franklin. Architect: Gray Wornum, F.R.I.B.A.

Modernism without extremes or extravagance is the keynote of this small dining-room where walnut and macassar ebony furniture, a modernist rug and chair covers, have plain beige walls as a suitable background. Jade Ltd.

This dining-room in the London home of Mr. Hastings Turner and his wife (Laura Cowie, the actress) re-creates the atmosphere of earlier days. The brick fire-place and ships' models intensify the impression of the past

A *Child's* ROOM

By PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

Few people realize, I think, the enormous importance of the environment of a child between the ages of, say, eight and fourteen years of age. Many parents take endless care in preparing a delightful nursery for their babies, but directly one of them grows old enough to be allowed "A room of my very own," apart from seeing that it is duly and properly equipped as a bedroom should normally be, nothing more is done, and the child is left more or less to evolve something for him—or her—self in the way of establishing a personality of some kind.

Now I have been fortunate enough to see some charming children's rooms, and not only charming, but also rooms which actually helped their small owners to equip themselves for the great battle of life, which we all have to fight at one time or another, no matter how carefully protected we may be at the start.

As an instance, in one lovely home I know of, the only child was an extremely "nervy" little girl to whom everything was a strain and an effort. Her mother had arranged for her a big, cool bedroom, distempered in pale primrose, with hangings, bedcovers, and carpet of pale green. Around the low walls was a wide fringe of pale colours showing quiet country scenes, while there were dark-green curtains behind the pale-green "frillings," which kept the room dark and cool even on the most sunshiny days.

That room was designed five years ago now, and its owner at fifteen is a very self-possessed young person very much inclined to laugh at herself for the times past in which she was "so jumpy she could hear a cat walk in the night."

This may sound a trifle exaggerated, but it is *absolutely* true, and is only one of the many cases in which children, both boys and girls, have owed a great deal in after life to the actual surroundings in which they spent their childhood. A child's room need by no manner of means be an expensive one, for one of the prettiest I ever saw, belonging to a small golden-haired lady of eleven, had saxe-blue furniture, a royal blue felt carpet, a small four-poster bed (this was *the* great charm of the room to its owner I must say) and a wonderful blue and silver screen made on a brown-paper background of blue and silver stars, flowers, birds, and animals cut out by their small owner and pasted on, afterwards being varnished over with a wonderfully good effect.

If you have a very practical child who wants to be always making things you cannot do better than do as I saw done in one house where all the children were "Kodak mad," and let them have a glass-topped dressing-table and chest of drawers. It costs comparatively little to fit a piece of plain glass exactly the size of the piece of furniture required, and underneath, the owner of the room can arrange a whole gallery full of successful "holiday" photographs which will keep her amused and happy for endless wet afternoons.

Another exceptional room—a boy's this time was fitted with a wonderful miniature railway which had a station, signal-box, and tunnels complete, on a fixed table in one corner of the room. Around the side wall ran a double line of rails fixed on a sort of wide bookshelf, which in the other corner of the room did a figure-of-eight turn through another tunnel and then came back to the station.

Children at the age of eight or nine are such nervous little bits of mechanism that a little confidence at the right moment goes a very long way to give them a good start in life.

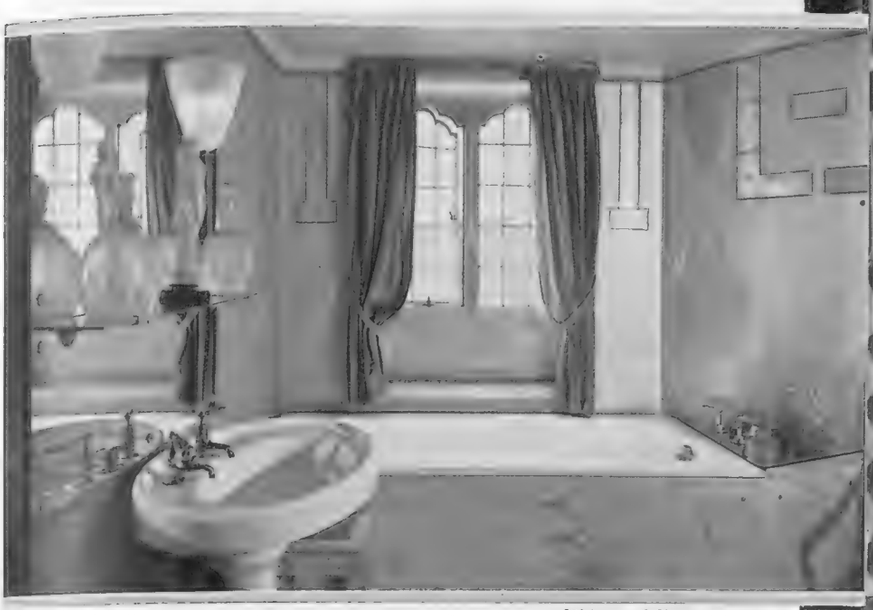
Let them take a real interest in their rooms, encourage them to make collections, even though the said collections may include some extremely smelly sea-shells (with the inhabitants still defunct inside them), such as were brought back this summer by a small cousin of mine. It does not matter, and at the end you will usually find out the way your child is tending, and what are its likes and dislikes generally.

One particular woman I know, who has four nice children, showed me with great pride "two pink rooms for the girls and two blue ones for the boys," and delightful they certainly were, with their white paint, chintz curtains, and gay eiderdown quilts, but when I asked her where they kept all their own special "treasure trove" she told me quite seriously that she never encouraged the children to bring home odds and ends, and that of course if they had anything they wanted to keep there was always the schoolroom cupboard handy.

THE WORLD of WOMEN

BATHROOMS *Grow More* GRACIOUS

And at the Same Time Much More Personal

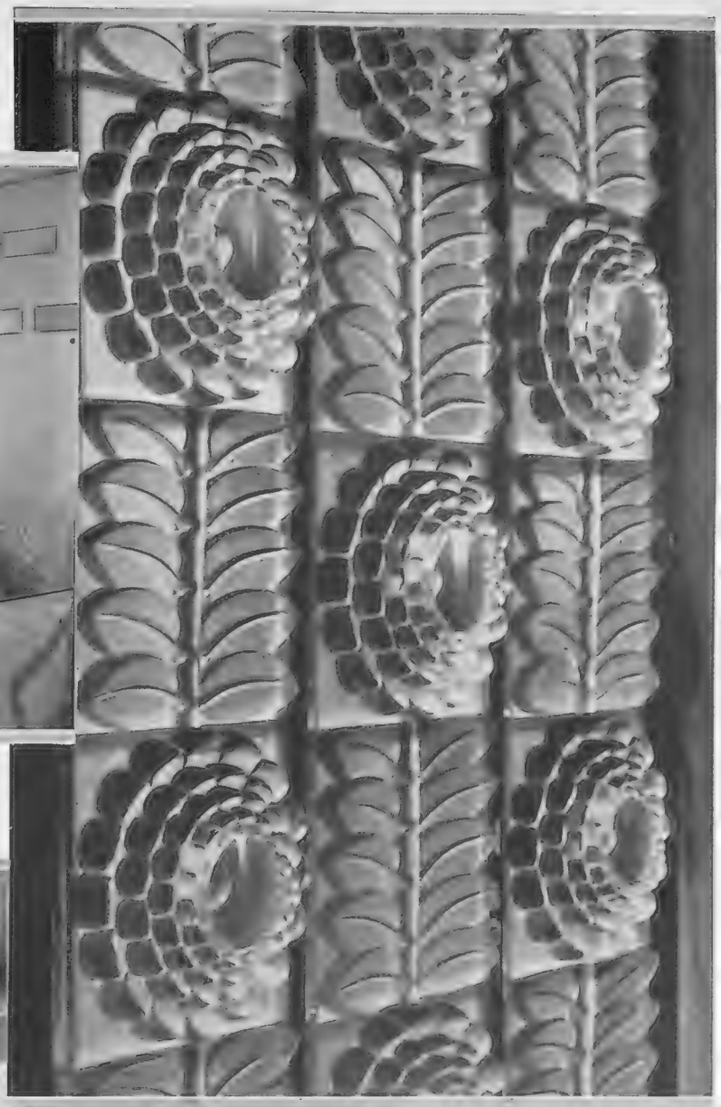


Millar and Harris

Here is a picture that gives a comprehensive idea of the very great charm of a bathroom that is quite unique in design and execution. Each piece is the work of Lalique and the bathroom was designed by Ionides

Millar and Harris

Another view of the attractive bathroom by Réné Lalique and designed by Ionides. It belongs to the personal suite of Mrs. Lawson-Johnston's delightful house in Porchester Terrace



Here you see lighting by the yard realized. It is a new idea by Réné Lalique. Photo. by courtesy of Breves, Knightsbridge

Another lovely moulded glass panel that can be set in any number and size in your walls and will give you diffused light. Réne Lalique

If the Victorian hip-bath, which we have just occasionally seen in use, had been endowed with second sight, surely its painted sides would have cracked and peeled with sheer astonishment at the vision of the newest modern bathing-room of to-day, whereas its remote ancestor, the Roman bath, certainly had a lot in common with its miniature imitator!

Here is illustrated (for the first time) the recently finished bathroom of Mrs. Lawson-Johnston's own suite in her house in Porchester Terrace; taking the spirit of water as his theme, Basil Ionides has crystallized it into glass. The inset tiles in the walls are unique, since the mould from which just the 160 required were made was destroyed immediately they had been cast. The clever use of frameless mirrors adds space and translucence to the room, while the decorative powder and bath-salt jars lighten any possible note of austerity, at the same time providing a pleasant home for fragrant necessity! All these manifestations of glass are the work of Réné Lalique; and each and every piece is unique!

The idea of tiles set in the wall is the forerunner of an entirely new decorative scheme; the dreams of the so-called "eccentric" architects that one day we should live "in glass houses" has nearly come true, for Réné Lalique has been developing the ensemble of a complete glass room for some time past.

"Lighting by the yard" is another offspring of this amazingly fertile artistic brain; and the lighting tiles you see illustrated here show the possibilities for the ordinary home (for we cannot all afford to buy collectors' pieces) of lit panels set flush with the walls with their lovely wrought glass aglow.

What the exquisite taste of the owner and her designer have done in the Porchester Terrace house, in the use of Lalique's craft to produce an epic in modernity, the ordinary person may do in her own manner with judicious use of materials within her reach.

Joan Woollcombe

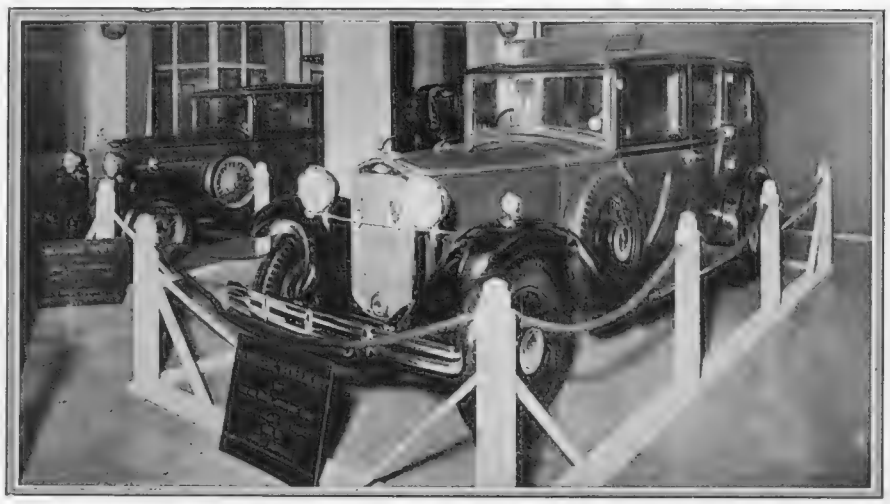
The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

CONFIRMATION FROM GERMANY.—My recent references to the apparent apathy of the British motor trade towards continental business has evoked much correspondence from readers of THE SPHERE, though I regret to say that no member of the industry concerned has seen fit to make any reply to the criticisms which I made. Amongst the letters I have received is one from the editor of a motoring paper published in Berlin. He confirms everything I related, and lays particular emphasis on the assertion that I put forward that the German people are far more friendly disposed towards us than they are to any other nation who were their official enemies during the Great War. This correspondent makes the suggestion that British cars are not sold in Germany because their coachwork does not conform to the type which the German people prefer to use. From what he says it would appear that the Germans have a weakness for the American type of body which, after all, is not surprising, as the U.S.A. must sell hundreds of thousands of motor-cars on the other side of the Rhine every year. But the Morris Isis has an American type of body, and if my correspondent was correct it should be selling in Germany in thousands. Secondly, if the difficulty mentioned was a real stumbling block we should still be able to sell chassis on which the Germans could fit their own coachwork. Thirdly, I have seen Italian, Belgian, and French cars in goodly numbers on the streets of Berlin all fitted with coachwork which, from observation, I should say was imported at the same time as the chassis. No, I am afraid that the trouble is we are not energetic enough, and when we wake up from our sleep of indifference we shall be too late.

A DILLY-DALLY DEADLOCK.—Everyone of us has read in the daily papers one time or another since the beginning of the year that motorists appear to be driving more cautiously than they did before the new Act came into force. Any such statement is entirely a personal opinion which I do not think could possibly be confirmed by actual observation. As a matter of fact, since January 1, up to the time of writing these notes, we have had in most parts of the country a continuous series of fogs, which naturally compel every motorist to proceed with the utmost caution. Any care which has therefore been noticed in excess of that which was always shown must be attributed to the weather conditions rather than to Mr. Morrison's new regulations.



FOR ROYAL USE ABROAD: A Humber "Pullman" saloon which the Prince of Wales will use for state occasions during his forthcoming visit to South America. The Humber Snipe in the background has been chosen by Prince George. Both these cars were exhibited in the showrooms of Rootes Ltd., Piccadilly

Arising out of this new Act a rather humorous situation occurred to a friend of mine two days ago. He bought a new car and naturally made application to the appropriate council for a car licence. This was most politely refused on the grounds that it was impossible to assign registration numbers to his car, or to issue the necessary document until the owner produced the insurance certificate required by the Act. Whereupon my friend hurried round to his insurance company, and was there likewise told most politely that the certificate could not be issued until he was able to tell the company the registration number of his car. The last I saw of my friend he was scratching his head wondering how to get out of the dilemma which the new Act has apparently created.

WHERE TO KEEP THE CERTIFICATE.—As a matter of fact, the certificate of insurance seems to me to be perfectly useless. I am wholly in favour of compelling everyone who drives a car, or a motor-vehicle of any description, to be covered against third party risks, but how the carrying of a certificate is going to assist the police or any of the authorities in seeing that the law is carried out in this respect baffles me. First of all the Act gives us several days of grace to produce it should it not be found on the car. I, therefore, see no reason for running the risk of losing it by keeping it in some locker or pocket on the car where it is bound to become dirty in a few days. So far as I am concerned mine will reside with my policy in the safe. Every insurance company is issuing its own certificate, differing in shape, in size, and in every other particular from those of its rival companies. The documents appear to be printed on ordinary paper, and I cannot imagine what there is to prevent anyone who deliberately wishes to flout the law, printing and drawing up his own insurance certificate. With the variety in circulation I am sure no policeman could possibly say by casual inspection whether any particular one was genuine or not.

I would like to take this opportunity of warning owners of motor-cars to be careful whom they permit to drive their cars, as some insurance companies point out, I consider quite rightly, their policy is not valid if the person to whom it was issued permits another driver to take charge of the car who has already fallen foul of one of the insurance companies. Should such a driver have an accident the insurance people would probably repudiate the claim, and I should imagine that the owner would find it very difficult to get out of his responsibility.

DURING 1930 more CASTROL *was used than ever*

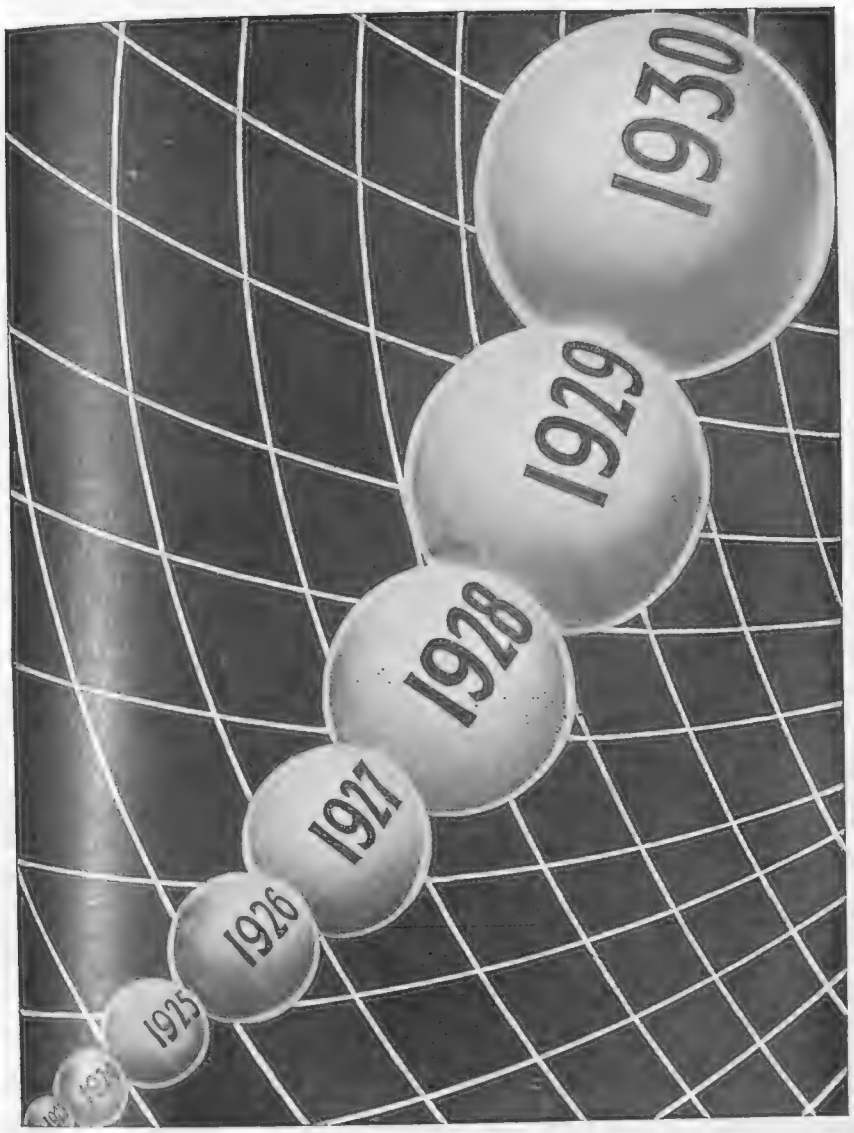


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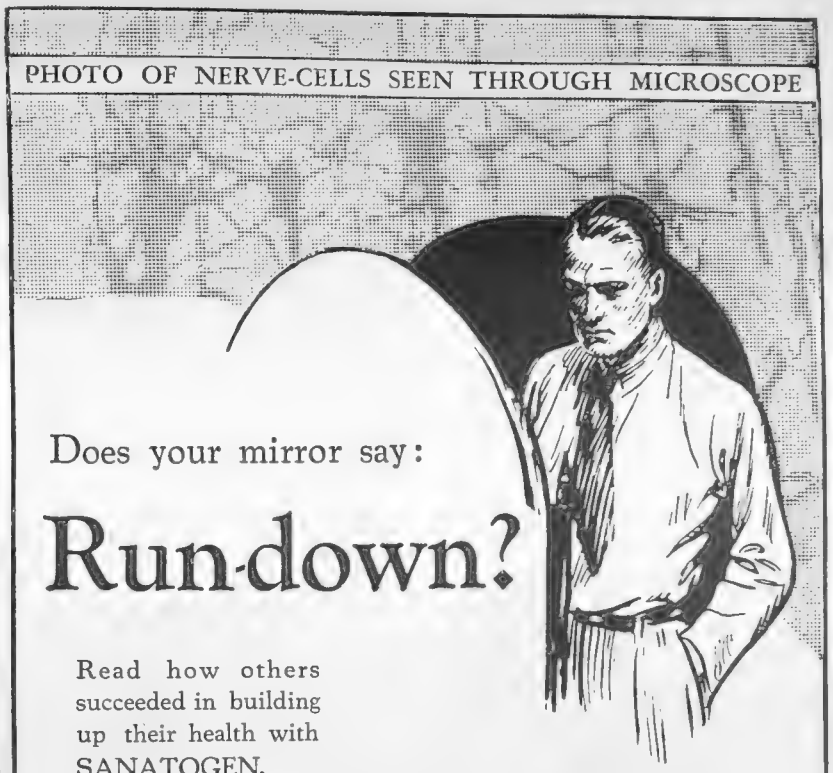
PHOTO OF NERVE-CELLS SEEN THROUGH MICROSCOPE



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EXERCISING *your way to* HEALTH

—"The wise for cure on exercise depend."—DRYDEN

It was said long ago that "Life is not to be alive but to be well," and that phrase might well be taken as the motto of the twentieth century. To this end science has proved that a careful study of diet and the exploitation of physical culture is far more to be commended than the old-fashioned panacea of brimstone and treacle. At the same time one must not allow the modern enthusiasm for exercise to run away with one's common sense, for unless exercise or physical culture means an intelligent understanding of the body, and particularly of the muscles, it becomes a valueless and even a harmful antidote.

In this connection a treatise, written by Mr. Arthur Abplanalp, setting forth a series of systematically arranged exercises will be of great service to the layman who can boast of no profound knowledge of his anatomy. To the man who wishes to keep slim and fit, to the woman who covets a figure that is slender and graceful, to the very young and would-be athlete, the book is invaluable.

The author has made a serious study of his subject for many years, and in his book, *Slimness and Health*, deals with this special system of physical culture in a most comprehensive and helpful manner.

Briefly Mr. Abplanalp has three aims in view. Firstly, to reduce excessive fat; secondly to improve the circulation and clear the complexion; and thirdly, to strengthen the internal and external muscles. There is essentially a rhythmical connection between the breathing and the movements, which means that the waste products are quickly carried away and expelled by the lungs and skin. Thus fatigue, which is solely and entirely due to the accumulation of waste in the muscles, is eliminated, and the power of endurance and strength is increased.

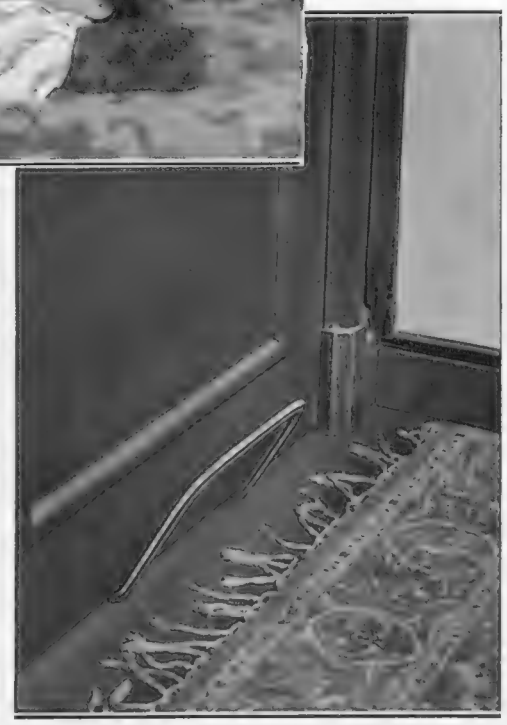
THE REST: "Slimness and Health" lays special stress upon the proper training of children, recommending neither the neglect nor the overdoing of exercises, which should be followed by complete relaxation

The exercises are performed lying down and are carried out in slow rhythmical motion by the aid of a simple apparatus (illustrated on this page) which can easily be fitted up in one's own home. The recumbent position, with its full expansion of chest, enables the blood to flow fast and freely. The result is a healthy, transparent complexion, clear eyes, and a noticeable absence of all the common ills the flesh is supposedly heir to.

The aim of the exercises is to promote actions in which every muscle in the body contracts simultaneously, and at the moment that the lungs are contracted; in which every muscle is stretched simultaneously and at the time that the lungs are expanded. The work of the heart is thus simplified by speeding up the circulation without any strain.

Hitherto one of the greatest objections to physical culture, more especially perhaps from a feminine point of view, has been the dread of heavy and unsightly muscles. But this fear is eliminated completely by Mr. Abplanalp's method, which has no individual muscle strain; it merely improves the circulation, exercises and trains the lungs rhythmically and without strain, and thus creates lithe, slim limbs and muscles of great endurance.

An important feature of an exercise carried out in a recumbent position is the fact that it excludes any harmful influences on the heart, for in this position less effort is required of the heart, and also the whole body is resting. From this it will be seen that there are few conditions of illness where mild exercise is harmful, and with those exceptions everyone should take intelligent exercise in order to increase the fitness of the body.



APPARATUS: This is constructed to be (detachably) mounted into the space under a door, one portion projecting to form an abutment for the feet or hands

Another apparatus for exercising in a lying-down position is described and illustrated in the treatise. This, too, is a simple inexpensive appliance which can be fixed in one's home.

Mr. Arthur Abplanalp's book, *Slimness and Health*, with preface by Brig. General the Hon. C.G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., and foreword by Dundas Irvine, B.A. (Cantab) M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., is obtainable through any branch of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son., Ltd., and other booksellers, and at Ulster Chambers, Regent Street, W. 1. Mr. Abplanalp gives interesting demonstrations of his system, and will answer by word or by post any further inquiries that may be helpful to his readers.

M.D.

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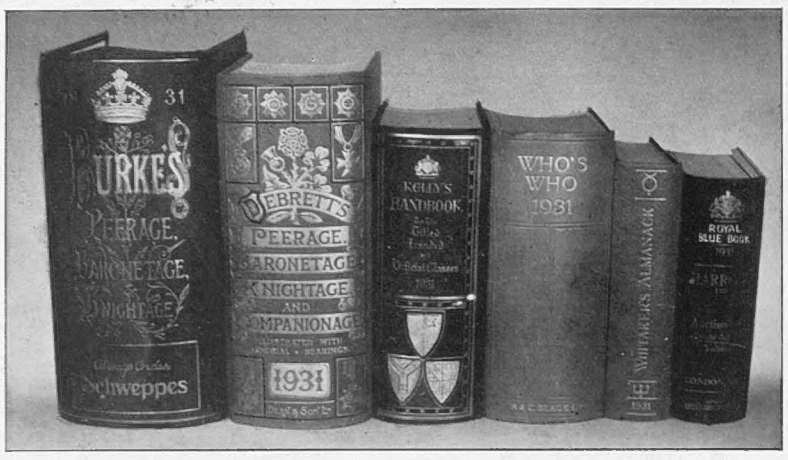
In *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* (£3 15s.), in addition to the particulars of titled persons are given particulars of the descendants of these persons, enabling one to trace at a glance the ramifications of collateral branches with issue of both males and females. The 1931 Debrett includes a mention of the alteration in the line of succession occasioned by the birth of Princess Margaret Rose; the coronation of Ras Tafari; the first State ceremony at which the present Earl Marshal officiated; and many other items of information all of which are valuable and unusually interesting.

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes (30s.) gives, at a *coup d'œil*, the vital particulars not only of the great hereditary leaders of the country but of a host of persons second in importance only to them. Members of Parliament; leading figures in the worlds of art and commerce; valuable servants of the State; landed proprietors and all those who, either by birth or merit, may be regarded as the "notables" are iucluded.

Who's Who is another volume of "notables," but one which concerns itself primarily with the careers of the ladies and gentlemen who are included for their general interest to the community rather than for their genealogy. It is a compilation assessed purely on merit, and only by the invitation of the Editor can one be included therein.

Whitaker's Almanack is one of the most astonishing volumes ever created. It is a miniature *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and deals with subjects ranging from Abbreviations to Zurich! There is practically no branch of human endeavour which is not dealt with comprehensively, concisely, and lucidly in its pages.

Kelly's Royal Blue Book Court and Parliamentary Guide (7s. 6d.) is a valuable book containing a directory of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in that section of London bounded on the north by Hampstead, on the south by the Thames at Chelsea, on the east by Bloomsbury, and on the west by West Kensington. Useful information is also given with regard to the Royal Households, the Ministry, the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Government Offices, the great clubs, golf clubs, and a theatre supplement containing theatre plans. There is also a valuable classified trades section.



FOR REFERENCE: "Burke," "Debrett," "Kelly's Handbook," "Who's Who," "Whitaker's Almanack" and the "Royal Blue Book"

The *Spanish* "APPLECART"

By NEGLEY FARSON

(Continued from page 83)

roughly that in at least one town the polls were put on a roof with two strong men with clubs sitting beside the table to which the populace were invited to come up to vote. Will these elections be like that?

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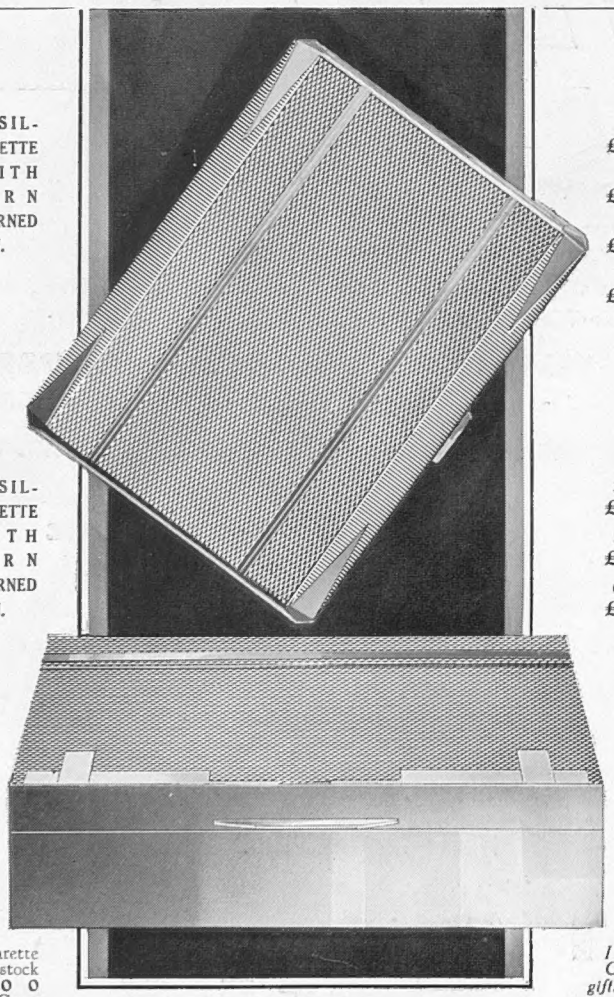

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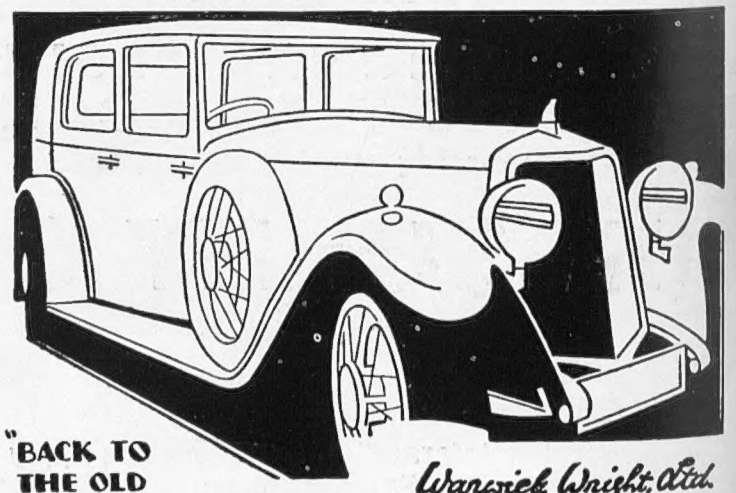

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